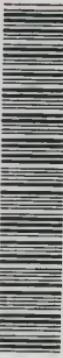


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To Mr. Mathew with the
Author's best wishes & regards

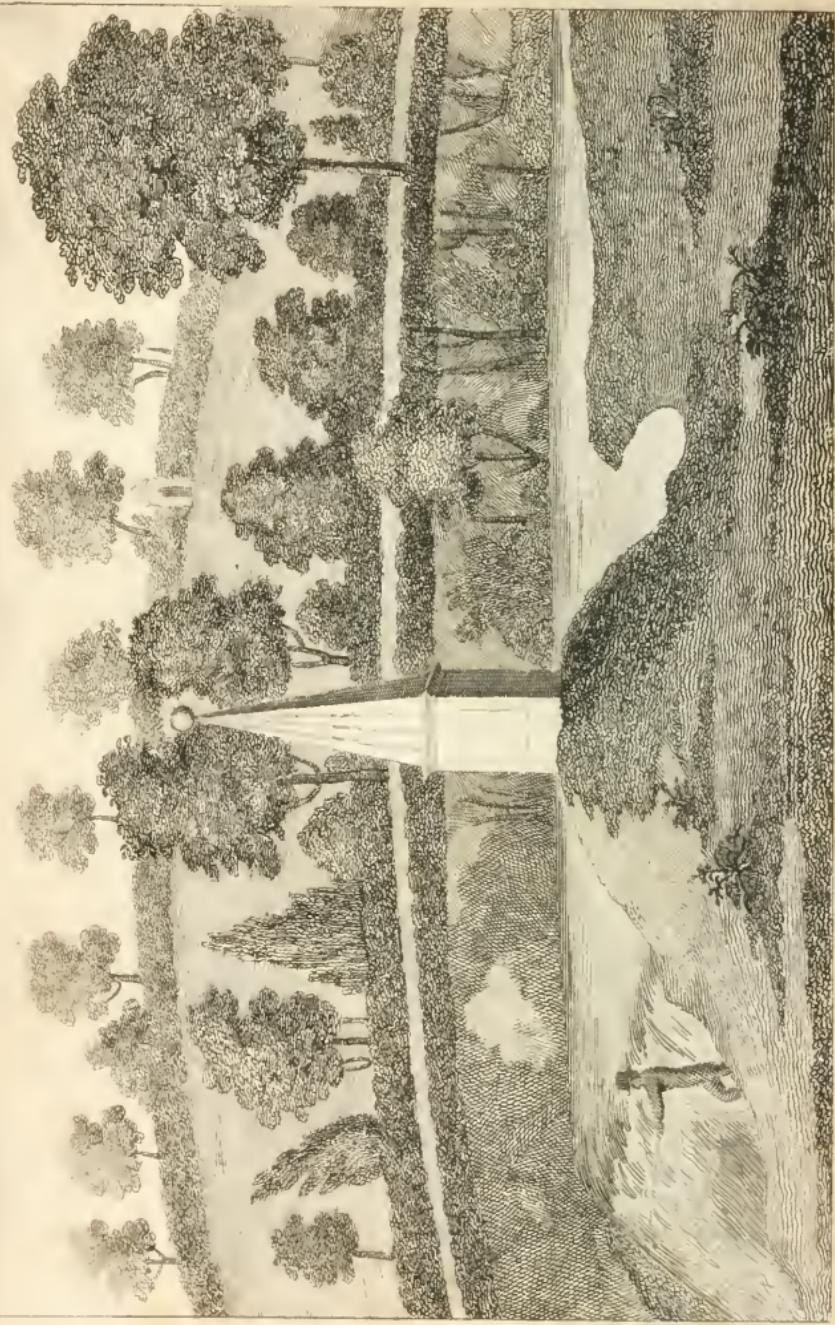
THE

SONGS OF DEARDRA,

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH,

WITH OTHER POEMS.

S. Gosnell, Printer, Little Queen Street, London.



THE
SONGS OF DEARDRA,

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH,

WITH OTHER POEMS.

BY THOMAS STOTT.

Minuentur carmine curæ.—HOR.

Go, gentle offspring of the Muse,
That long, by Lagan's winding stream,
Deign'd her fair visions to infuse,
Enlivening Fancy's evening dream.

And if this world should not prove kind,
As through its mazy paths ye stray,
Be not disheartened---Fortune's blind,
And Fame oft flatters to betray.

Go, take your chance---but if ye meet
From Candour a reception warm,
Your Author's wish will be complete---
Your friends no longer feel alarm.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. RIDGWAY, PICCADILLY.

1825.

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THE FRONTISPICE.

SEVERAL years ago, the Author had it in contemplation to publish a volume of his Poems; and it was his intention, at that time, to dedicate it to his excellent and learned Friend, the late Dr. PERCY, Lord Bishop of Dromore. The lamented death of this venerable Prelate prevented the execution of that design. But being still anxious to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of one for whom he entertained so high a regard, the Author has lately erected a little Monument, (of which the prefixed ENGRAVING exhibits a correct view) in a park belonging to himself, contain-

ing the following Inscription on a tablet placed in the south side of the basement :

S. M.

R. R.^{di} T. P E R C Y, D. D.

EPISCOPI DROMORIENSIS.

Musarum Amicus,

Virtutibus, Ingenio, Literis,

Cultus atque præclarus.

Ob. 1811.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MANY of the Poems that compose the present volume have been already submitted to public inspection in the Irish and English Newspapers. They were the recreations of solitary hours, snatched from the hurry of business, to which the principal part of the Author's Life has been constantly devoted. If leisure had permitted, perhaps they might have been rendered more worthy of general patronage, by careful revision and correction. As they are, they furnish an instance of innocent amusement, and a proof that literary recreation is not altogether incompatible with the pursuits of Commerce.

DROMORE, Nov. 10, 1824.



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THE SONGS OF DEARDRA.

THE Author thinks it necessary, for the information of those who are not already acquainted with it, to prefix a short account of the circumstances that gave birth to the following translated specimens of ancient Irish Poetry. They are selected from an old manuscript, entitled "*The Adventures of Deardra, and the Death of the Sons of Usna.*" For this account he acknowledges himself to be indebted to his late worthy friend, the Rev. W. NEILSON, D. D. Principal of the Belfast Academical Institution.

Historians place these events in the first century of the Christian æra. **CONCOVAR** was at that time monarch of *Ulla* (Ulster) in the north of Ireland. At the birth of **DEARDRA** it was predicted that she should be the cause of great calamities. But the King, unintimidated by this, took her from under the care of her father, *Macdoil*, chief historian of *Ulla*, and had her educated with the utmost care by persons of his own choosing, intending to make her his consort when she should have attained to years of maturity. Unfortunately for his design, however, the beautiful **DEARDRA** fell in love with **NÆSA**, one of the sons of **USNA**, and by the assistance of his brothers, **AINLI** and **ARDAN**, eloped with him to *Albin* (Scotland), in the western parts and isles of which **NÆSA** had a considerable property. Here they lived happily together until a messenger arrived from **CONCOVAR** inviting them to return, but secretly with a view to their destruction. **DEARDRA** endeavoured to dissuade the young heroes from flying to their own ruin, but their

generous souls suspected no treachery, and they complied with the invitation.

With great reluctance DEARDRA left the shores of Albin, and during the voyage sung the following plaintive stanzas, in which the pleasures that were past (as she too truly foreboded) never to return, and the charming scenes that had witnessed the bliss of mutual love, are tenderly and pathetically enumerated.

Oh ! dear to my heart is yon east-lying shore,
And dear lovely Albin to my parting sight—
I ne'er but for NÆSA, who flatter'd me o'er—
I ne'er had forsaken that land of delight.

Oh ! dear are the vales of Dunfin and Dunfay,
And dear the tall cliffs that conceal them from view—
Inis-Drayon, Dunsairni, are dear too as they,
With tears of affection I bade them adieu !

Coileuan! Coileuan! when **AINLI** the brave
And **ARDAN** the valiant, to visit me went,
With **NÆSA**, where Albin repels the wild wave
Of the west, then my days I delightfully spent.

Amid thy sweet bowers, O shady Glenlee!
I slept and I feasted secure from alarm,
For he, whom true love had united to me,
Was present to guard me from danger or harm.

Glenmessan, Glenmessan, I love thy rich dales,
Deck'd with herbage so green, and with flowers so gay;
Where Inver's clear current is fann'd by soft gales,
We us'd to repose in the heat of the day.

Gleneich, O Gleneich, thou enchanting retreat!
Whose lofty woods smile to the radiance of morn,
In thee did fair Fortune at first fix my seat,
In lovely Gleneich of the white-blossom'd thorn.

Glenarchon, Glenarchon, for beauty far famed
Is the valley below the high ridge of Drumchon ;
My time, blithe as childhood's, with Næsa, unblamed,
Glenarchon, in thee once roll'd pleasantly on.

And thou, Glendarua ! thou likewise art dear,
And dear are the shades that embower thy breast ;
Where the sweet song of birds, in the spring of the year,
Awoke me at morn—at eve lull'd me to rest.

O dear to my heart is that fair spreading shore,
And dear the bright streams through yon vallies that
stray—
To leave you it griev'd my fond bosom full sore,
But love behind NÆSA forbade me to stay.

She ceased to sing—the vessel approached the
shore, and the fugitives returned once more to Erin.

Still the heart of DEARDRA foreboded treachery. She advised her companions to proceed to *Dundalgan* (Dundalk) the residence of the renowned *Cuchillin*, and place themselves under his protection. Their ill-founded confidence, however, in the honour of *Concovar* prevailed, and they went to *Emana* (Armagh) his royal seat. Various were the warnings which DEARDRA gave them of their approaching fate; sometimes in affectionate converse, and frequently in plaintive songs: but nothing could avert the impending blow, and the sons of Usna, with their fair companion, arrived at Emana, while Concovar sat at the feast with his chieftains.

They were received with every appearance of kindness, and, under pretence of distinction, placed in the castle of the Red Branch, with guards to attend them.

At length the gathering storm burst on their heads. A band of foreign troops was sent to rescue DEARDRA

from the Sons of Usna, and afterwards burn the castle that contained them! The native troops of Ulla, though bound to obey the authority of Concovar, would not, it seems, imbrue their hands in the blood of the heroes.

After ineffectual attempts on the part of the assailants, and prodigies of valour performed by the Sons of Usna, the latter at length effected their escape with DEARDRA; but they were closely pursued, and fell overpowered by the number of their enemies.

The distress of DEARDRA cannot be imagined—Alone, distracted, and inconsolable, she calls to mind every circumstance that endeared Næsa to her; and with a self-tormenting ingenuity, which grief is so apt to create, ruminates upon those transient interruptions, which might have occasioned former uneasiness, but now served to aggravate her woe.

Under the influence of such feelings, it is probable, she composed the following rhapsody, in which she reflects upon her jealousy of Næsa's supposed imprudence and ingratitude to her.

YE fair shores of Albin, for ever farewell !

Adieu ! all ye deep-winding headlands and bays ;
Where oft, lov'd companions ! o'er mountain and dell,
With you I partook of the charms of the chase.

Albin's chiefs in the hall of the banquet sat down,

And the three gallant sons of old Usna were there ;
When special attention by Næsa was shown
To the Lord of Dundron's youthful daughter so fair.

Yes ! Næsa's affection so much had she drawn,

(It made my fond bosom with jealousy thrill),
That he kiss'd her, forsooth ! and with a young fawn,
Bestow'd her my favourite hind from the hill.

Now deep in my heart, I must frankly confess,
Did the canker of enmity secretly prey ;
I heard, too, returning from fair Inverness,
That Næsa had visited her on his way.

The torturing tidings soon turn'd my poor brain—
To a skiff in the frenzy of anger I flew—
Desperation my pilot, I launch'd on the main,
Regardless of perils that there might ensue.

But Ainli and Ardan, the faithful, the brave,
My dread resolution perceiv'd from the shore—
Swam after—and thus from a watery grave,
Restored me to reason and Næsa once more.

Then he whose imprudence had rais'd such alarms,
To banish my doubts, give my bosom relief,
Thrice solemnly swore on his glittering arms,
That he ne'er would again be the cause of my grief.

Now, too, my fair rival a rash promise made,
(Whilst in vain to conceal her vexation she strove)
That till Næsa should be in his silent grave laid,
None other should ever seduce her to love.

Ah, Lady! what sorrow this day would be thine,
Didst thou know that dear Næsa is now in his tomb—
Yet sevenfold greater than thy grief is mine,—
By fate I was destin'd to witness his doom!

DEARDRA having indulged herself in these painful and pleasing recollections of her lover's wandering, and his affectionate return, concludes with this

FUNERAL SONG.

Sad and long to me now seems the slow-footed day,
Since Usna's brave sons in the silent grave sleep—
Their converse was pleasant—like lions were they,
On the hills of Emana so rugged and steep.

By the damsels of Breatan the youths were caress'd—
Like hawks of the mountain they pounced on the foe;
The brave their invincible prowess confess'd—
The noble, respect for their virtues did show.

To yield not in conflict was always their boast—
Ah me! the descendants of Caifi are dead—
Ye who in Cualna's famed wars were an host,
Your souls to the region of spirits are fled.

Their preceptor was Aifi—he rear'd them with skill—
The districts around they in vassalage held :
With the strength of the torrent that bursts from the hill
Sgatha's youths the fierce onset of battle repell'd.

Sage Uatha watch'd o'er their early career
For valour few match'd the young heroes in fight—
Sons of Usna renown'd ! to DEARDRA so dear,
You have left her indeed in a sorrowful plight.

Their eye-brows were tinged with the nut's brownest shade,

Under which their blue eyes sparkled lively and bright,
And health's rosy flush on their cheeks was display'd,
Like the ember's clear glow on the dark brow of night.

Their limbs were as soft as the swan's snowy down,

Yet active and light as the feet of the roe—
Fair and manly those arms that still won them renown—
Soft and gentle those hands that dealt death to the foe.

For Næsa I spurn'd, King of Ulla, thy love—

On earth after him now my days will be few—
When his funeral rites are perform'd, then I'll prove
That nought my attachment to him can subdue.

Determin'd I am not my love to survive—

To alter my purpose in vain thou'l't essay—
O Ainhli and Ardan, if you were alive!—

But since you are gone, why behind should I stay?

No charms now in life can DEARDRA perceive ;
Too numerous already her sad days appear—
Delight of my soul ! at your grave let me grieve,
And bathe its green sod with affection's full tear.

Ye who dig that grave—make it wide—delve it deep—
I'll tell you my reason for asking such room—
On the breast of my love I am going to sleep,
And lay all my sorrows at rest in his tomb.

Full many a night on the spear and the shield
Did the heroes repose—'twas their favourite bed—
Now bring the strong swords that their might used to
wield,
And lay one beneath each brave warrior's head.

Their dogs and their hawks, ah ! who now will attend ?
Connal Cairni's stout youths are no more on the hill—
The hunters' sweet music, as swift they descend,
No longer the echoing valley shall fill.

My heart still in dismal forebodings abounds,
Nor can it help heaving sad sympathy's sigh,
As I look at the collars that coupled their hounds—
Oft I fed them—but weep now to see them draw nigh.

Though often we travers'd the wild and the waste,
No solitude e'er till this day have I known—
Till your grave was prepar'd, I could scarcely have
traced
In idea, the pain of surviving alone !

O Næsa, a dimness now seizes my sight
As I look at thy grave—but it soon will be o'er—
Soon, soon will those eyes be extinguish'd in night,
And the voice of my mourners be heard then no more.

DEARDRA, having concluded her lamentations,
sprang into the grave, and expired on the breast of
Næsa.

TO THE
MEMORY OF W. COLLINS, ESQ.
THE LYRIC POET.



I.

DISTINGUISHED leader of the lyric throng,
That whilom sooth'd *Britannia's* pensive ear
With the sweet sounds of sentimental song,
Wilt thou, removed now to thy native sphere,
^{yon} Above ~~on~~ starry cope of cloudless light—
Wilt thou benignly bend a favouring ear
To the weak warblings of an earthly muse,
Into whose heart such pleasure exquisite
Thy tuneful reliques frequently infuse,
That gratitude compels her now to pay
Thy memory, charming Bard! the tribute of a lay?

II.

Each kind affection of the heart
By thee was intimately known—
PITY, still prompt assistance to impart,
And feel the woes of others as her own :
And meek-eyed MERCY, still inclined to spare,
When scowling Vengeance rais'd his angry arm
To strike, regardless of the victim's prayer,
Till sooth'd by her persuasive charm,
His rage grows cool—evaporates in air—
And drops the lifted blade that threaten'd instant
harm.

III.

The knowledge of the PASSIONS too was thine—
Thy skilful hand could nicely trace
Their various features, and combine
Them with such sweet poetic grace,
That in the glowing line,
A strong and striking portraiture of each
(So high thy tuneful art could reach!)

The wondering senses found.
And still as Music touch'd th' appropriate string,
Obedient to the potent sound,
Alternately they'd fall and rise,
And moving in a magic ring,
Excite increas'd emotions of surprise.

IV.

The MANNERS, too, by Fancy dress'd,
In many a wild, camleon vest,
Were to thy keen, observant view
Display'd, in every change of hue.
Thy nimble pencil caught their flight
With the velocity of light,
And in unfading tints of nature warm,
Fix'd and embodied each fugacious form.

V.

The ALLEGORIC train, that rove
By Fancy's haunted stream and grove,

And fan her mystic flame,
Depicted in thy strains we find,
Those strains that e'en "the shadowy tribes of mind"
Could charm, arrest, and tame.

VI.

But when thy verse, "like Sparta's fife,
In solemn sounds awakes to life
The forms applauding Freedom loved to view,"—
When it laments the injuries she bore
From vandal rage, in days of yore,
And bans the barbarous crew;
What moving pathos marks the tale
Of LIBERTY oppress'd!
But see! once more her struggling arms prevail,
And Albion's sons their glorious guardian hail,
Great "Mistress of the West."

VII.

How sweet thy soothing, doric numbers steal
Upon still, pensive EVENING's listening ear,
In softest cadence breath'd,
Like her own "dying gale!"

VIII.

SIMPLICITY thy tuneful call
Rejoicing heard, who gives to all
Her gentle train a grace that none beside,
Nor rank, nor power, nor art,
Nor riches can impart—
Sweet nymph! to spotless Truth and Friendship near
allied.

IX.

Does Worth, or Genius, to the tomb descend,
Snatch'd from the world in an untimely hour—
Doth generous Valour to misfortune bend,
Or blooming Beauty mourn her blasted flower—

In tenderest tones, thy sympathizing shell
Teaches the feeling heart with kindred grief to swell.

X.

Great Lyrist! to thy gifted mind
The Muse her holiest views unveil'd.
Thy skill in all her mystic lore,
On every leaf impress'd we find,
Of that delightful fairy field,
Thy plastic pen has left behind,
For Britain's future Minstrels to explore.

XI.

Though Criticism *, of aspect sour,
Jealous of thy superior power
To soar beyond his limited control,

* See Dr. JOHNSON'S churlish *Critique* on the writings of this excellent lyric poet.

May keenly search to find some flaw,
Some breach of the despotic law
He frames to cramp the sallies of the soul—
Yet long as genius, sentiment and fire,
The life and ornament of verse remain,
The fine effusions of thy lofty lyre
Shall never cease to charm true Taste's distinguish'd
train.

ODE TO THE NEW YEAR.

JANUARY 1, 1824.



THOUGH Nature wear the garb of woe,
And keen the boreal breezes blow;
Though many a dark, disastrous cloud
The rising year's young aspect shroud;
Yet, whilst her boding breast beats high,
A cheering ray from Hope's bright eye
Extends across the gathering glooms,
And Joy once more her lamp illumes.
Before her gayer prospects rise—
Unclouded suns, serener skies,
The mild approach of vernal hours,
The sweet return of herbs and flowers,
The sports that rural Fancy loves,
The sounds her simple train that cheer,

The music of the warbling groves,
The murmuring of the streamlets clear;
While Pleasure's banner waves along the fields,
And Beauty breathes a charm on all that Nature
yields.

Amidst her Naval bulwarks placed,
Triumphant o'er the watery waste,
Behold the lovely Queen of Isles
Diffusing round heart-cheering smiles;
Inviting to her crowded marts,
Wealth, Commerce, Industry, and Arts;
Fostering fair Science in her shade;
To drooping Want dispensing aid;
Rewarding Merit's useful claim,
And fanning pure Religion's flame:
While Valour, seated by her side,
Sheathes his keen blade, in conquest dyed,
And plights, at her august command,
(The laurel blooming on his brow)

To gentle Peace his willing hand,
Who, pleased, receives the veteran's vow.
Th' auspicious union, Fame, exulting, views,
And far and near proclaims th' exhilarating news.

By lust of lawless sway impell'd,
With wild Ambition's fury swell'd,
Yet should the ruthless fiend of war
Harness again his blood-stained car,
And, urging on his tyger-yoke,
Again the Naval Queen provoke,
And vex the world with dire alarms;
Valour once more shall seize his arms,
And rush reluctant from the side
Of his belov'd, lamenting bride,
The haughty foe's career to check,
On burning plain, or thundering deck;
While Glory, always hovering nigh
Where Freedom's ensign is unfurl'd,

Shall bid the red-winged vengeance fly,
Resounding o'er the watery world;
Till her proud adversary, smit with fear,
Shall crouch beneath her crest, and drop the hostile
spear.

ON THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.



GRATITUDE, celestial power,
Mirth, unbounded, crown the hour—
Song, thy utmost vigour try—
Music, rend the echoing sky—
Loud let joyful thunder roar
O'er the ocean—round the shore,
NELSON's triumph to proclaim,
Gaul's disgrace, and Albion's fame !

Neptune, raise thy hoary head—
Bid the waves the tidings spread :
Sound, ye Tritons, sound the shell
Let the nimble Nereids tell
All the Naiads that resort
To their monarch's crowded court,

Glory with her brightest smile
Crowns the HERO OF THE NILE!

See! as Fame her eager course
Wings tow'rd *Nilus'* mystic source,
Samen's hills with gladness shake—
Tzana dances on her lake—
Lote-crown'd *Siris* joyous sings,
Rousing *Gojam*'s distant springs;
While *Goutto* sends the glorious tale
Down to *Litchambara*'s vale.

Thus, *Britannia!* favouring Heaven
Thee the cest of might has given,
Baffled Gaul in bounds to keep
O'er the regions of the deep.
May thy flag triumphant fly,
Matchless under every sky,
And, like *NELSON*, heroes still
With renown thy records fill!

ON THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.



GENIUS of Albion, still 't is thine
 To wield the sceptre of the main;
 Even though th' embattled world combine
 To wrest it, the attempt proves vain.
 Firm as an adamantine rock,
 Thy naval prowess meets the shock,
 And hurls, indignant, the recoiling blow,
 Aim'd at thy envied head, on the confounded foe.

Thy valiant Tars no danger dread,
 Still prompt to fly when Glory calls,
 The canvass wing they proudly spread,
 That wafts along thy wooden walls.
 Nor castled streight, nor buoyless shoal,
 Their dauntless ardour can controul,
 Nor frowning batteries, whose tremendous roar
 Shakes ev'n the rock-bound frame of the resounding
 shore.

O'er the wide surface of the Globe,
Under each pole, beneath each zone,
To realms of every hue and robe,
Thy maritime renown is known.

The trembling East, the humbled West,
Have oft thy matchless might confess'd ;
And soon the stubborn North began to melt
To mildness, when her sons thy just resentment felt.

Yet still the soul of Pity shrinks,
When the dread stroke e'en Justice deals —
Upon the widow's woes she thinks,
And all the hapless orphan feels.

Amid the triumphs of the brave,
Death's sable flag is seen to wave ;
And dire Misfortune mingles her alloy,
To damp in many a heart the cause of general joy !

ON THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.



THE vulture scream'd o'er *Calpe*'s height,
Dire omen of the approaching fight,
That, ere next eve her lamp did light,
Laid many a gallant warrior low !
Where *Trafalgar*'s proud barriers mock
Impetuous Neptune's billowy shock,
The mermaid sat upon the rock,
Chaunting her dirge of death and woe.

The morning sun, with blood-shot eye,
Mounted the hazy southern sky,
When the two hostile fleets drew nigh,
Each ranged in battle's awful form :

And speedily they mix, and make
The distant hills with thunder shake—
Terrified Nature seem'd to quake,
As bellowing burst the sulphury storm.

Gay in the breeze the pendants wave
Of haughty France, and Spain her slave ;
But she who boasts the free and brave,
Shall soon compel their pride to droop—
'Tis NELSON re-asserts her sway—
Ye tools of tyranny, give way !
Remember *Nile's* disastrous day—
Again to British prowess stoop !

The fiery tempest rages yet ;
Their ravenous fangs the sea-wolves whet,
And Havoc fills his blood-stain'd net,
At every draught, with human prey—

Gun muzzles gun—deck grapples deck—
O Heaven ! the dreadful carnage check—
The vanquish'd strike—each ship a wreck—
Huzza !—*Britannia* gains the day !

Ah ! fatal day of Trafalgar—
In it we lost our matchless tar—
Great NELSON, thunderbolt of war—
In Victory's arms, alas ! he dies.
Britons ! be to his memory just,
Let martial song, and sculptur'd bust,
And trophied column, round his dust,
In monumental grandeur rise.

THE BATTLE OF AUERSTADT.



THE war-fiend yell'd with horrid note,

By *Sala*'s shrinking stream;

And spectres grim were seen to float

Beneath the pale moon's beam.

On *Jena*'s height, in darkening curls,

The death-fire's smoke ascends;

Havoc the vengeful thunder hurls,

Tumult the welkin rends.

Down *Elba*'s neighbouring banks the din

Tremendous echoes bore,

The distant towers of fair Berlin

Shook to the dire uproar.

The Prussian Eagle bold defies
The Vulture of proud France ;
And deep in blood each champion dyes
His crest, as they advance.

Shade of Great Frederick ! now look down
Thy kinsman's soul inflame ;
To assert his rights, preserve his crown,
And save the Prussian name.

The furious conflict rages yet,
The crimson torrents flow ;
For Death ne'er stops his scythe to whet,
Where such rank harvests grow.

Suspense aloof the battle views,
And Hope attends her still ;
While Fame impatient waits for news,
Her echoing trump to fill.

Alas, for Freedom, for mankind,
Disastrous is the tale;
Guided by councils tardy, blind,
Prussia's last efforts fail!

WATERLOO.

IN peaceful dreams, releas'd from war,
Europe indulged, and thought them true;
For broken seem'd the blood-stain'd car,
That Terror drove and Havoc drew.

But, ah! deceitful were those dreams
That mock'd her unsuspecting view—
The foe of peace return'd—and streams
Of human blood must flow anew !

To perjured France he bent his way,
Again his claims her traitors own—
Again their lawful King betray,
And place the rebel on his throne.

Astonish'd Europe heard the tale—

Her martial trump indignant blew—

And straight, o'er distant hill and dale,

To arms her valiant veterans flew.

Unconquer'd Britain led the van,

With gallant Prussia by her side;

And WELLINGTON was Britain's man,

And BLUCHER Prussia's trusty guide.

Austria and Russia too drew near,

But ere their Eagles rose in view,

The British lance and Prussian spear

Finish'd the work at *Waterloo*.

O dire and desperate was the fray,

And loud the din, and dread the force

Of mingling hosts, in dense array—

Of clashing swords and charging horse!

But matchless was the glory gain'd,
Though Valour sore the loss might rue,
That he that dreadful day sustain'd,
Reconquering peace at Waterloo.

TO THE BRAIN.

MYSTERIOUS source and seat of Sense,
Whence all our whimsies spring,
May I presume, without offence,
Thy energies to sing ?

The poet's celebrated fount,
Whate'er its virtues be,
That flow'd from old Parnassus' mount,
Was but a type of thee.

Thou art the true Piërian well
Of which great Homer drank,
And all the bards that since excel
In Epic's lofty rank.

Thy inspiration Maro crown'd
With never-dying fame :
Hence classic Horace lives renown'd—
Hence Milton's mighty name.

Our Shakespear hence unrivall'd shines
In the dramatic sphere ;
Hence sweetly bloom the vigorous lines
That paint the circling year.

Hence Pope and Spenser charm by turns ;
Hence Goldsmith's polish'd lays—
And hence, wild-warbling Scottish Burns,
Thy prejudice and praise.

To thee too, sentimental source,
Each lofty son of prose
His tale's effect, his moral's force,
His grace and grandeur owes.

Plutarch and Tacitus of yore
From thee derived their skill—
Scott, Addison, Hume, Usher, More,
Display thy influence still.

Nor less indebted to thy aid
Is Eloquence confess'd :
From thee she learns to rouse, persuade,
And rule the human breast.

Thou gav'st the famed Athenian's tongue
To lead the Grecian throng—
From thee the pow'rful periods sprung
That Cicero roll'd along.

From thee too British Fox and Pitt
Drew all their reasoning might,
While listening Senates, charm'd, would sit
The livelong winter night.

Philosophy, led by thy light,
Her deep researches makes :
Astronomy her boldest flight
Beneath thy guidance takes.

Great Newton thus, on eagle wing,
Through boundless systems soar'd—
Hence learned Locke each hidden spring
And maze of mind explored.

When Painting feasts the curious eye
Her magic scenes among—
When Music wakes the symphony
Of soul-entrancing song:

Thy nervous sympathy alone
The varied relish gives,
And Titian's tint, and Handel's tone,
From thee its charm receives.

But ah! if Melancholy's cloud
Obscure the mental sun,
And round thee a distempered crowd
Of dark ideas run ;

Then genius, fancy, judgment, sink
In the tremendous gloom,
And Madness rends each social link,
Regardless of her doom !

TO ERIN.

WRITTEN ON NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.



TIME's finger turns another page
Of his vast volume to our view—
Th' important history of the age
To-day his pen resumes anew.

O may that page from *blots* be clear,
Which with events as yet unknown
Shall soon be filled—and *this* new year
Prove happier than those lately flown!

Though distant woes the feeling breast
Of Christian pity may deplore;
And sympathy for the distrest,
Extend to many a distant shore;

Yet when her eye hath ceased to roam,
Commiserating foreign ills,
And her attention's turn'd to home—
To kindred vales and native hills ;

What deep regret her heart must feel,
To see Dissention's baleful wing,
While fruitful seasons plenty deal,
Around her noxious mildews fling !

Party on Erin's vitals preys,
And blasts her peace, her bliss beguiles :
In vain her gracious KING essays
To soothe the demon by his smiles !

Vindictive still the fiend remains,
E'en when apparently subdued ;
Still, still his hellish spite retains,
Resuming still his savage mood.

In vain returning seasons bring
Luxuriant crops to crown her fields ;
In vain the balmy boon of Spring—
The golden gifts that Autumn yields !

Prosperity augments her pride—
Adversity her temper sours —
Ev'n Charity, that's said to hide
Most sins, in vain exerts her powers.

Ungrateful land ! hath bounteous Heaven
Its blessings thus bestow'd on thee,
All to no purpose, hath it given
Abundance—peace—and liberty ?

Look at ill-fated nations, torn
By Discord's unrelenting reign ;
By Tyranny oppress'd and shorn—
Look at distracted *Greece* and *Spain* !

Take warning!—'tis not yet too late—

Deep be the solemn truth impress'd—

Sectarian spite, and factious hate,

Are of all plagues the direst pest.

STANZAS

Written after returning from a Visit of Curiosity on board H. M. S. Tigris, in the Bay of Bangor, Anno 1814.



LIGHT was the breeze our skiff that bore
Along the bosom of the bay,
That winds around fair Bangor's shore,
To where the beauteous *Tigris* lay.

Majestic on the surge she rode—
Her anchor fast—her canvass furl'd—
While from her lofty mizen flow'd
The flag that rules the watery world.

And down her deck, in awful form,
Freedom ! thy sleeping thunder lay,
That, rous'd, can raise the vengeful storm,
And strike a despot with dismay.

But Peace presided at her helm,
While Friendship hail'd, with hearty cheer,
The visitants of Neptune's realm,
And kindly said—" You're welcome here."

And true Politeness, frank and free,
To us such mark'd attention show'd,
Explaining all we came to see,
Our hearts with gratitude o'erflow'd.

Well pleased we parted—thanks return'd—
Then in our little barque once more
With eager prow the rude waves spurn'd,
And safe again reach'd Bangor's shore.

Nor can the grateful Muse forbear,
Now to her native shades restored,
To offer thus an hasty prayer
For all the *Tigris* bears on board:

Wherever Chance her course impels,
Still may Success on her attend—
And as in beauty she excels,
So in renown may she transcend !

IMITATION OF HORACE'S ODE,

“Otium divos rogat in patenti,” &c.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.



THE seaman on the raging main,
By tempest toss'd, with toil oppress'd,
Sighs through the gloomy night, in vain,
To lay his weary limbs at rest.

When fierce *Bellona* rules the plain,
And deals around unnumber'd woes,
The exhausted warrior longs to gain
The balmy blessing of repose.

Sweet nymph ! thy smile no wealth can win,
Nor fraud, nor force thy gifts secure;
From scenes of pomp to fly thou'rt seen,
And shun the great man's guarded door :

While to the peasant's cottage oft,
To cheer his toil and soothe his pain,
With mien so mild, and step so soft,
Thou deign'st to lead thy halcyon train.

The restless, still inclined to roam,
Mock'd by the rainbow of the mind,
Fancy some distant place thy home,
But seek in vain that spot to find.

Short is the fleeting course of life
Along this dusky vale of tears ;
Then wherefore stretch our cares and strife
Beyond our destin'd length of years ?

Let man enjoy what's in his power:
Dark clouds the future still o'ercast:
Perhaps the present passing hour
The Fates have number'd for our last.

If Fortune on my neighbour smile,
But yet refuse to favour me,
Why should it rouse my angry bile—
Why discontented should I be?

Perhaps the very gift I grudge,
Bestow'd on me, might prove my bane—
So blindly are we apt to judge,
And covet, when we should refrain.

Lamented WOLFE, in manhood's prime,
By sudden death was snatch'd away—
Great MARLBRO' fell, in lengthened time,
Disease's slow, but certain prey.

Deem not, my friend, thy fate unkind,
That gave a parsonage and farm;
Besides a cultivated mind,
And muse, thy vacant hours to charm.

Nor should I at my lot repine,
Though cast among the bustling train,
If now and then the tuneful nine
To smile upon my leisure deign.

LIFE'S VARIED DREAM.



WHEN youth, on Dissipation's tide,
In Folly's light skiff steers,
'Tis apt Experience to deride,
And laugh at Caution's fears :
The hidden rock, the sleeping blast,
But silly bugbears seem,
Till Ruin, bursting round at last,
End Life's delusive dream.

Ambition long may persevere,
With unremitting toil,
To bring his wicked plans to bear—
To ravage, rob, and spoil ;

And though, by waste of wealth and strength,
Success should crown his scheme,
Yet Fate's dread stroke will fall at length,
And blast his guilty dream.

The Miser, anxious, and still bent
On adding to his store,
With each addition discontent,
And grasping still at more—
Doom'd 'midst his hoarded heaps to pine,
And held in no esteem,
Finds, as his health and strength decline,
That life's a feverish dream.

The son of Genius, though with bright,
With useful talents blest,
'Gainst want, neglect, and envious spite,
Has often to contest:
Yet still the smile of Fame he woos,
Still chants his favourite theme;

But the lost labour of his Muse
Proves false his flattering dream.

How few, on this side of the grave,
Can boast substantial bliss !
The great, the gay, the learn'd, the brave,
That jewel often miss :
They, only they, whom Virtue guides,
And Truth's unclouded beam,
Obtain the prize—while all besides
Pursue an empty dream.

ON THE DEATH OF CANOVA,
THE CELEBRATED SCULPTOR.

GENIUS of Sculpture, weep !
Let Sorrow's gloomy garb envelope thee,
And tears, like those of hapless *Niobe*,
In sad suffusion steep
Thy anguish'd eye—for he, alas ! is gone,
Whom it with rapture lately gazed upon !
He, who, with unrivall'd skill,
His hand o'er the cold marble moving
(And in its magic progress still,
More than mortal knowledge proving
By the great master mind possess'd,
Inhabiting that glowing breast),
Until beneath his plastic touch grew warm
The wondering block, and rose a finish'd human form.

Alas ! CANOVA is no more,
That miracle of modern days !
Whose matchless art could so sublimely soar,
Whose moral worth had gain'd distinguish'd praise.
Not *Phidias*, nor *Praxiteles*,
Justly the boast and pride of Greece,
When brightly on her classic shore
The sun of Science beam'd in days of yore,
A loftier niche perhaps may claim,
In the vast temple of terrestrial Fame,
Than judging Time shall now assign to thee,
Illustrious offspring of fair Italy !

IN VOCATION TO THE MUSES

ON BEHALF OF GREECE,

*Written at the Commencement of her late noble Struggle
for Independence.*

YE sacred Nine whose brightest flame
Erst warm'd the heart of Grecian Fame,
And all her noblest bards inspired,
And all her bravest warriors fired
To deeds of boldest enterprise,
Against her ancient enemies—
O if ye linger still upon
That favourite height, where Helicon
In tuneful cadence used to flow,
Cheering the classic shades below,
Ah ! now, in Greece's trying hour,
Once more exert your wonted power—

Rouse again her slumbering spirit!

Brace her palsied arm for fight!

Stimulate her martial merit,

By examples brave and bright!

Such as, in her better day,

Fill'd the Persian with dismay—

Such as deathless glory won

On the field of *Marathon*,

And at famed *Thermopylæ*

Crown'd the cause of Liberty.

WAR-SONG,

DEDICATED TO THE PATRIOTS OF GREECE.



GREECE, whose bosom still contains
Ancient Freedom's bright remains,
Classic mountains, streams and plains,
 Long renown'd in history ;
Mindful of her former fame,
Mindful of each noble name,
Viewing now her chains with shame—
 Greece determines to be free.

Retribution's day is come,
That shall strike Oppression dumb—
Echoing trump and sounding drum
 Call to death or victory !

Sparta wakes her martial life—

Lacedæmon starts to life—

Athens to the glorious strife

Fires the Sons of Liberty !

Rouse the spirits of the brave !

High the Christian banner wave !

Long, too long the Crescent's slave,

Fortune doom'd fair Greece to be !

“ Now's the day, and now 's the hour,”

To pull down proud *Islam*'s power—

Vengeance hurls the flaming shower

On the hordes of Slavery !

Persia, once the mortal foe,

But the friend of *Grecia* now,

Strikes a simultaneous blow,

That distracts the enemy.

Visions of departed days,
Rush on Contemplation's gaze—
Grecian Glory's rising rays
Light the march of Liberty !

Lives there hero, patriot, sage,
Who, in this enlighten'd age,
Would not heart and hand engage,
From oppression thee to free ?
Lives there Bard, whose lofty lyre
Lights the sparks of Freedom's fire,
But now burns with strong desire,
Thy redemption, Greece ! to see.

ON THE
SIGNAL SUCCESSES OF THE GREEKS
AGAINST THE TURKS,
IN THE YEAR 1824.

BANISH doubt, despondence, sadness—
Raise the song of joy and gladness—
Greece (so fav'ring Heaven ordains)
Spurns the tyrant's new forged chains!
Sons of Liberty, rejoice!
Loud let your applauding voice
To th' admiring world proclaim,
Greece's triumph—Greece's fame!

Land of heroes, long opprest
Under Slavery's cruel sway,
Thy benighted shore is blest
Now with Freedom's brilliant ray.

Heaven its powerful aid extends—
Heaven thy righteous cause befriends—
'T is decreed by Destiny,
Thine the victory shall be.

O'er the famed Ægean flood,
Stain'd with the despoiler's blood,
Where the proud barbarian's slaves
Fate consign'd to watery graves,
Glory, reckless of her loss,
Bright displays the conquering Cross,
Whilst the Crescent flies and fades
Under Terror's gloomy shades!

Scio and Ipsara yet
Shall their recent woes forget,
As her red path o'er the surge
They behold stern Vengeance urge,
And beneath her flaming sweep
Whelm the murderers in the deep,

Whilst the gorg'd waves heave around,
With the wrecks of havoc crown'd.

Oh, *Tyrtæus!* for thy lyre,
Grecian valour to inspire;
Or, lamented *Byron*, thine,
All her heroes to combine
In one noble phalanx, strong
As the current of thy song!
Never should the war-note cease,
Till the classic land in peace
Safely shall again repose,
Rescued from her barbarous foes.

A LANDSCAPE.



THE season smiles, in all the splendour drest
Of blooming Summer's beautiful attire;
Soft breathe the balmy breezes of the west,
And sweetly pipe around the sylvan quire.

Descriptive Muse, while Fancy's on the wing,
Like yonder lark that in the welkin towers,
Teach me the prospects I survey to sing,
Reclined in one of PERCY's favourite bowers.

As eastward Observation turns her view,
Mourne's lofty barrier seems to prop the sky;
But *Donard* chief, with brow of dusky hue,
Above his rocky neighbours mounts on high.

So looks some monarch, when his subjects' crimes
With anguish his paternal bosom wring :
So looks the Poet, when neglected rhymes
Nor praise, nor profit, from his Patron bring.

Sieve Cruib, the parent of our bleacher stream,
With humbler aspect next invites the eye ;
Morn gilds his double crest with her first beam,
And on his bosom eve's last blushes die.

How fair the peopled district round *Dromore* !
Here wealth and comfort Industry supplies ;
While vales extend, enrich'd with flaxen store,
And hills adorn'd by cultivation rise.

Oh, ne'er may Anarchy's sirocco-blast
The bloom of social order here destroy—
Nor in those fields her serpent seed be cast,
To mar the growth of friendship, peace, and joy !

That Mount, which still attracts the stranger's gaze,
Perhaps was once a fortress of renown,
Form'd by some Danish chief in distant days,
To guard, or overawe, th' adjacent town.

The din of battle round its base has rung;
Beneath its foss the dust of heroes sleeps;
From its green scarp the arrowy tempest sung
That strew'd the neighbouring vale with slaughter'd
heaps.

And oft the midnight rambler's startled ear,
As past its mouldering battlements he lies,
The spectre-conflict hears, or seems to hear,
With dying groans and agonizing cries.

Now westward as the prospect we pursue,
Where Lagan winds through yonder verdant glade,
Gill Hall's fair mansion meets the gladden'd view,
'Midst a dense awning of surrounding shade.

Here Hospitality, in days of yore,
Dispens'd his bounty, kept his table spread;
And while the rich regaled, the pitied poor
Were by the princely owner clothed and fed.

With quick transition, hence the eye descends
To yonder lake, that five fair shires surround;
Marks where curtail'd Tyrone's domain extends,
And distant Derry's horizontal bound.

Here vapours wafted from the Atlantic main,
Whose crimson skirts reflect declining day,
Description's fond excursive flights restrain,
Closing at once the landscape and the lay.

STANZAS

ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL INFANT, PRESENTED TO
ITS MOTHER*.



SWEET little babe, thy mother's darling care,
As o'er thy cherub form the Poet bends,
Warm from his bosom the spontaneous prayer
Of Sensibility for thee ascends.

Ne'er may those ruby lips unclose to sigh,
That dimpled cheek Disease's blight turn pale,
Nor Sorrow's tear bedim that diamond eye,
That ivory forehead feel Misfortune's gale.

As rising years thy faculties unfold,
Like blossoms opening to the vernal ray,
May thy fond parents with fresh joy behold
Thy health, thy charms, improve from day to day.

And when by Education's fostering aid,
Thy virgin graces gain perfection's bloom,
May worth distinguish'd win the accomplish'd Maid,
And happiness attend her to the tomb!

POETIC ENJOYMENT.



WHEN the musical lark mounts aloft to the skies,
And the dew's liquid pearls deck the thorn,
From the pillow of sleep undistemper'd I rise,
To drink health from the cool breeze of morn.

But when Phœbus ascends from his chariot of fire
To dispense the bright fervours of noon,
With the Muse to some grotto or shade I retire,
And my harp to her dictates attune.

The sorrows and joys of the world's passing throng,
Just as Fancy presents them to view,
Form the gay or the grave subjeet still of my song,
And Reflection suggests not a few.

Then as Night's sober herald, in garment of grey,
Proclaims her approach in the west,
Like the linnet conceal'd on the thorn's leafy spray,
I retire from amusement to rest.

EXTEMPORANEOUS EFFUSION,

ON SEEING THE COTTAGE IN WHICH

ROBERT BURNS WAS BORN.



A BRIEF advertisement attracts the eye,
Where *Ayrshire's* Bard the breath of life first drew:
And like a spell, it caught me passing by—
I paus'd to pay his memory homage due.

Dear to remembrance still shall be the spot,
Where that rare flower arose to cheer the sight;
And sacred every shade around the cot,*
Where the young Minstrel first beheld the light.

* In this Cottage, at Alloway, there is a likeness of BURNS, painted on a pannel, in the parlour.

With mix'd emotions of regret and awe,
I pass'd the threshold where the wonder dwelt;
And while his *painted semblance* there I saw,
His living influence deep my bosom felt.

A magic circle seem'd to hem me round—
Mysterious forms before my senses float—
Methought I heard his tuneful pipe resound,
Blithe as the woodland warbler's vernal note.

Coila advanc'd, in mantle green array'd,
Attended by her Nymphs and Naiads, there ;
Luggar's weird sisters—*Cassilis'* cavalcade—
The *two sage Dogs*, and *brigs* of ancient *Ayr*.

Kirk Alloway's witches, (*Tam O' Shanter's* dread)
In wild procession pass'd on nimble shanks :
And, as Illusion's powerful influence spread,
Death—Hornbook—and *auld Nick*, renew their
pranks.

Bright gem of Genius! soul of fun and fire!

Thus still thy lively Fancy's pictures charm;

Thus still the sweet effusions of thy lyre,

With feelings of delight the bosom warm.

TO SIMPLICITY.

SWEET nymph, that like the gentle lamb,
Frisking around its fleecy dam,
Delight'st to range the dewy lawn,
With tresses loose, and veil undrawn,
What time the virgin breath of morn
Drinks fragrance from the blooming thorn,
Or when at eve, perch'd near her nest,
The blackbird sings his bride to rest.

But seldom in the crowded scene,
Where Fashion's formal group convene;
Where Pride her peacock plumage rears,
While strutting Affectation stares,
Do we thy smiling aspect meet,
O nymph engaging and discreet !

Love

Restraint and those but ill agree,
Daughter of Love and Liberty !
Yet, mixing with the train of Art,
A secret charm thou dost impart,
That gains, in spite of all controul,
The silent suffrage of the soul ;
And lends a sweet attractive grace
To every form and every face.

To thee young Genius turns his eye,
Delighted as thou passest by :
And oft, though rudely, he essays
To paint thy beauty, chant thy praise ;
He meets thee in the lonely glen,
Remote from noisy haunts of men,
Beneath some rock, that leans to hear
The streamlet's music murmuring near ;
He finds thee in some forest's shade,
Where Time fantastic bowers hath made.

He hears thee in the whispering gale,
Or where lorn Echo tells her tale ;
Or, haply, wandering on the shore,
Collecting thence the shelly store.
Then, as he lifts his straining eye
To where the mountaint meets the sky,
He sees thee take thy airy flight,
And flit along the fields of light.

Distinguish'd fair, thy ancient fame
Remains unchangeably the same ;
In every age, in every clime,
Throughout the circling course of time,
Thou still hast been, and still shalt be
Admired and loved, **SIMPLICITY !**

THE HEATH.



THE garden may boast of its lilies and roses,
Its pinks and carnations, a beautiful stock—
I sing of a bloomer, that boldly exposes
Her charms on the brow of the mountain and rock.

The cold blast of winter, the warm breath of summer,
My favourite, uninjured, can equally bear;
While the pamper'd exotic—a gaudy new comer—
Decays, in despite of the florist's best care.

To the poor little daisy, when cruel storms pelt her,
(As if pity inclined her to shield the fair flower)
She kindly expands her green bosom for shelter—
The lark, too, for lodging resorts to her bower.

Though lonely her lot to the eye of the stranger,
The hare's her companion, the grouse is her guest;
And the sheep's gentle brood, in the season of danger,
Repose in security under her breast.

As round her wild mansion the fowler so merry,
Roves with his fell tube hapless game to destroy,
The beautiful tints of her blossom and berry
He pauses to look at with feelings of joy.

To visit this lovely recluse of the mountain,
The bee of the vale is instinctively drawn;
For it finds none so sweet by the side of the fountain,
Or on the gay border that fringes the lawn.

Of this pretty native, in bloom through all weather,
Caledonia and *Erin* may justly be proud;
And long may their bards sing the praises together
Of **HEATH**, the fair child of the cliff and the cloud!

THE BIRTH OF SENSIBILITY.



WHEN Pity from her native sphere
Descended first to visit earth,
Benevolence was her compeer,
And from their union sprang a birth
Of tender heart and gentle eye,
By men call'd—SENSIBILITY.

Among a rude, uncultured race,
To passion prone, but void of feeling,
She wander'd long from place to place,
Kind lessons of instruction dealing;
And though she met with opposition,
Her precepts mended man's condition.

Persuasion dwelt upon her tongue,
That silenced wrath when it was rising ;
Her counsel like a charm she flung
On guilt—it had effects surprising—
Cruelty check'd his barbarous career,
As Mercy dropp'd the interceding tear.

Refinement now began to clear
And cultivate the savage waste ;
The briars and thorns to disappear,
That marr'd the tender growth of Taste.
Enrich'd by Education's toil,
Fair plants adorn the mental soil.

The light of Intellect arose,
And shed abroad its searching ray ;
Learning beheld her Gothic foes,
Rudeness and Ignorance, decay ;
While Genius seiz'd his new-strung lyre,
And rous'd to flame the sparks of sentimental fire.

Bright Nymph ! still may a riper age
Thy influence spread—thy sway extend—
Amend the morals, and assuage
The feuds that hapless nations rend !
And, if a selfish prayer preferr'd may be,
From Discord's fatal gripe, O set poor ERIN free !

THE HARVEST CROCUS.



WHEN *Ceres*, with a liberal hand,
Her bounty deals around ;
And Agriculture's joyful band
Behold their wishes crown'd :

When *Flora*'s gaudier beauties fade,
That bore the bell in spring ;
And silence reigns beneath the shade,
Where music wont to ring.

What time September's chasten'd beam
To rural walks invites,
Along the margin of the stream,
Or up the breezy heights :

When swallows on the house-top meet,
And now to take prepare
From northern climes their voyage fleet,
To warmer fields of air—

Meek Flow'ret! then we greet thy birth
In yonder shelter'd bed,
Where meekly, from the lap of earth,
Thou lift'st thy blushing head.

Poor orphan! no parental leaves
Protect thy infant form;
Thee of that comfort Fate bereaves,
When cold descends the storm.

Thy plight forlorn, with pitying eye,
The Polyanthus sees,
And spreads a leafy awning nigh,
To shield thee from the breeze.

The redbreast too, at evening's hour,

(As if respect to pay)

Perches beside thee in the bower,

And chants his soothing lay.

Thy vernal sister sprang to light,

The lengthening day to cheer;

But thou com'st forth to charm our sight,

When winter's reign draws near.

Oh! could the Muse thy date prolong

Beyond a floweret's doom,

Then should'st thou flourish in her song,

Perennially in bloom.

MOONLIGHT.



LOVELY Ruler of the night,
Whom the glorious King of day
Deigns, when he retires from sight,
To invest with sovereign sway ;
Bidding all the stars, I ween,
Thee acknowledge as their queen.

Darkness doffs his dusky casque,
Soon as thou appear'st in view—
Clouds, by turns, thy bright faee masque,
Flitting o'er the welkin blue.
Gentle breezes brush the main,
Proud thy cheering smile to gain.

On the mountain's misty head
As thy radiant beams arise,
Gladden'd rocks their bosom spread—
Streamlets glisten to the skies.

Forests, with fantastic shape,
To the night-breeze gaily nod—
Terror flies the stormy cape—
Beauty decks the dewy sod;
Shrubby glen, and naked height,
Hail the beauteous borrow'd light.

Lovers thy kind influence bless,
To soften and persuade the heart—
Poets, too, thy power confess —
Painting—every polish'd art;
Even old *Homer's* matchless Muse
Thy inspiring aspect woos.

Fairies, by the haunted stream,
From their dark cells issuing,
Under thy inviting beam,
Trip around the magic ring ;
Whilst aërial music near,
Charms the shepherd's wondering ear.

Thus the Ocean, Earth, and Air,
With one consentaneous voice,
Thy beneficence declare—
In thy happy sway rejoice :
Man and beast, herb, flower, and tree,
Hail the boon bestow'd by thee.

ROSTREVOR.

ALL you who in scenes of wild grandeur delight,
 Where Nature and Art in conjunction endeavour
 To furnish a treat for the traveller's sight,
 Repair to the coast of romantic ROSTREVOR.

Here are mountains whose summits the sky proudly
 pierce,
 While long-winding vallies their broad bases sever—
 Famed *Phocis*, that classical region of verse,
 The Muses admit could boast nought like ROSTREVOR.

Arcadia! thy shades flit my fancy across,
 Where Pan on his pipe used so sweetly to quaver,
 As I ramble among the plantations of *Ross*,
 And list the blithe notes of the Nymphs at ROSTREVOR.

Each vale here, for verdure, with *Tempe's* might vie—
Pure streams through their bosoms run murmuring
ever;

Yielding shepherd and flock an unfailing supply,
When Drought has absorb'd all but those of Ross-
TREVOR.

Old Neptune, around his whole briny domain,
Ne'er traced out a lovelier landscape—no, never!
On the banks of the Tiber, the Thames, or the Seine,
Taste finds no retreat to compare with ROSSTREVOR.

'Tis the favourite abode of the Goddess of health—
From its precincts afar fly fell Sickness and Fever :
Youth, Beauty, and Fashion, Age, Wisdom, and
Wealth,
Resort to the life-cheering coast of ROSSTREVOR.

TO AN ÆOLIAN HARP,

PLACED IN A WINDOW AT DROMORE HOUSE,

NOV. 10, 1810.



YE viewless Minstrels of the air!

That, on the breeze's tuneful wing,
To this distinguish'd Hall repair,
And breathe such notes as Seraphs sing ;
Now grandly swelling, solemn, clear, and slow,
Now gently sinking, plaintive, soft, and low :

Come ye to soothe *his* aged ear,
Whom still the partial hand of Time
Spares, as he shapes, with fleet career,
His fatal course across our clime ?
Come ye, commissioned from the realms above,
To cheer the good man's heart with strains of hallowed
love ?

Sweet visitants! your stay prolong,
While frowning Winter strips the bower,
And checks the feather'd warbler's song;
O still exert your magic power,
(If I without offence entreat you may)
And drive from these fair shades, pain, sorrow, far
away!

A DIRGE.



I once had a Friend I held dear—
A Friend by experience well proved;
But Fate, by a fiat severe,
The stay of my comfort removed!

And now he lies under the sod,
That's shaded by yonder green willow—
His spirit I hope is with God,
Though earth's now his body's cold pillow.

Oh! name not the worth of my friend!
It excites keen sensations of sorrow—
Since remembrance no opiate can lend,
Oblivion! thy aid let me borrow.

But his virtues I ne'er can forget,
Till the last scene of life on me closes ;
Nor cancel affection's long debt,
Till my head in the tomb too reposes.

How fleeting are all earthly joys—
Existence itself how uncertain !
Death oft, without notice or noise,
Arrests us—and down drops the curtain !

TO A ROCK.

WRITTEN ON THE SEA-COAST.



REMOTE from scenes of noise and gain,
Derision's sneer, effrontery's stare,
Here by the margin of the main,
With Solitude's congenial train,
Let me the intellectual banquet share.

Hail, thou majestic Rock !
Whose limbs gigantic, brow sublime,
Resist the tempest's billowy shock,
And mock the baffled wrath of Time :
Beneath thy awful figure, hewn
By mighty Nature's plastic hand,
Uncouthly rough, grotesquely grand,
My stranger-lyre whilst I attune,

Oh, with a look of dumb regard
(If music move thy rugged breast)
Accept the lay to thee addrest,
And hospitably shield thy visitant, the Bard.

Fair is old Ocean's aspect now,
While zephyrs with their downy wings
Fan smiling Ether's sultry brow—
The curlew calls—the swallow sings;
And soft the tide-wave o'er the strand
Comes stealing in, with soothing sound;
And gently its green curls expand,
Till they thy fretted base approach,
The solid bar, primeval bound,
O'er which the boldest billows ne'er encroach.

Though none but Pleasure's sprightly forms
Are seen around thee now to float,
And buxom Joy's enlivening note
Alone salutes thy lofty ear;

Yet, when the surly sire of storms
With iron sceptre ruled the year,
Oft has it been thy lot to view
The shatter'd barque—the shipwreck'd crew—
To hear the shriek of wild despair—
Terror's deep groan—Life's last faint prayer,
And all that dire Misfortune can impart,
To shock Compassion's eye, and wound her bleeding
heart!

What revolutions hast thou seen
Among the peopled districts round,
Since first upon this site marine
Thy massive bulk Creation bound !
Could'st thou have chronicled the strange
Events of each succeeding change,
Oh, what a history thine had been !

Now, would that dark Oblivion's veil
Were kindly doom'd to intervene,
And from Research's prying eye conceal
The loathsome list of savage feuds and crimes,
That *Erin's* annals stain, in past and present times!

TO A WITHERED FLOWER.



EMBLEM of beauty in decay,
Beneath the wintry frown of Fate ;
Thy morning rose serene and gay,
And Hope for thee a longer date
Seem'd fondly to pourtray.

But ah ! the frosty breath of eve
Fell on thy tender form—
Hope's flattering vision to bereave,
Night roused a ruthless storm.

Thy lovely cheek's delicious red
Then suddenly turned pale—
The tresses that adorn'd thy head
Vanished before the gale.

Thus have I seen a blooming maid,
Whose charms like thine were bright,
Seized by a dreadful *typhus*, fade,
And sink beneath its might !

WINTER TOKENS.



THE sap sinks down in the tree—
The hoar-frost descends on the air;
And the sere leaf around
Bestrews the damp ground,
While loud blasts cry—“for winter prepare!”

To the ash of the mountain the Thrush,
The Blackbird, and Starling repair;
The Thorn too supplies
Its ruddy berries
To the half-starv'd, emigrant Fieldfare.

The bosom of the bosky dell,
Where gushes the spring's limpid store,
An asylum to seek,
From arctic hills bleak,
The Woodcock now visits once more.

Hark ! the beagles are out, and the horn
Resounds from the valley and wood—
By the sons of the chase,
The Hare's timid race,
Midst loud paens, to death are pursued.

The curtain of Night quickly falls,
And the Sun hastens early to bed ;
But to make us amends,
The starry cope sends
A supply of mild light in his stead.

'Tis the season for man to enjoy
The fruits of his care and his labour—
Not to waste and destroy,
But keep part of the store
In reserve for the *poor*,
And be friendly and kind to his neighbour.

THE SWALLOW.

ON the wing of the night-breeze young hoar-frost descended,

Gently sprinkling the breast of the bower and lawn;
A cloud, on the brow of Slieve Donard suspended,
With its mantle of mist veil'd the roses of dawn.

A chilness pervaded the regions of Æther,
That seem'd to tell Feeling bright summer was o'er;
But still the stern heralds of Winter's bleak weather
Proclaim'd not his presence, as yet, on our shore.

And grey-bearded Autumn look'd healthy and hearty;
And Labour, alert, led his band to the plain;
While Plenty and Pleasure attended the Party,
Both as it went out, and return'd home again.

The SWALLOW was busy her young brood assembling,
To take their departure to some foreign strand ;
Convened on the house-top, a council resembling,
They seem'd to consult on what route she had plann'd.

Fleet Emigrant ! still when thy social throng leaves us,
Deserted and lonely the landscape appears ;
Not the rail's, nor the cuckoo's departure so grieves us,
Thy presence our prospects and promenades cheers.

Now, favourite of Freedom ! may Fortune protect thee,
From every mischance, as thou crossest the main !
And should she, in thy peregrination, direct thee
To visit the vallies of *Greece*, or of *Spain* ;

Oh, tell them, that *Erin* with deep indignation
The Tyrant's attempts to enslave them surveys—
That for his discomfiture—their liberation,
From morning to night she most fervently prays.

THE GLEN.



WHEN life was green and spirits gay,
Full oft adown yon winding Glen,
With careless step I used to stray,
And shun the noisy haunts of men.

I felt a charm in every spot,
Secluded as I mused along ;
And visions gleam'd, not yet forgot,
Inspiring the untutor'd song.

The jutting rock, with hoary brow,
Would Contemplation's eye attract ;
The crystal streamlet's gentle flow—
The noisy little cataract.

The thorny thicket—briery knoll—
The auburn hazel—willow grey—
The holly green—and o'er them all,
The spreading oak's sublime display.

And here the blackbird built her nest,
Protected from the casual gale;
And here the thrush, with speckled breast—
And titmouse—Erin's Nightingale.

Here met the eye Spring's earliest bloom—
The daisy, primrose, pansy gay,
The yellow-tufted furze and broom,
Where oft the hare securely lay.

But Time, and Taste's incessant change
Of its old charms has robb'd the Glen,
And scaree a vestige in the range
Remains of all that deck'd it then.

The very rock, unsparing art
Hath from its ancient seat removed—
'Tis alter'd so in every part,
The Muse now shuns the scene she loved !

THE MORALIZING TROUT.



WHEN Winter in his icy chain
Had firmly bound each liquid plain,
It so befel upon a day,
A brisk young Sportsman bent his way
To a deep river, frozen o'er,
Whither he frequently before,
In the sweet spring-time of the year,
To angle had been wont to steer :
But different now was his intent,
To skate upon the ice he went.

Him all the finny tenants fear'd,
Whene'er he on the banks appear'd ;
For, of their numerous foes, was he
Esteem'd the craftiest enemy ;

And oft with importuning cries
Had they implored the deities
Presiding o'er their watery state,
To pity their unhappy fate,
And grant just vengeance on the foe,
That plagued their peaceful regions so.

But tho' just vengeance be deferr'd,
Yet pious prayers are always heard.
The Gods will right the wrongs of those
Who suffer from uninjur'd foes;
And when Distress to them complains,
It soon or late redress obtains.

Now o'er the shining slippery sheet
The bold youth glides on flying feet—
Fearless—unwarn'd, so nigh his doom,
Nor dreaming of a watery tomb—
When lo ! the faithless ice gave way,
Where deep beneath the water lay,

And down at once he, whom it bore,
Sunk in the chasm—to rise no more!

His fate beheld a watchful TROUT,
And from his lair straight bolted out,
Among his neighbours to diffuse
The welcome unexpected news—
“ Rejoice! my friends, rejoice!” he cries,
“ Behold our foe here lifeless lies!—
He, who such savage pleasure took
To torture us with line and hook,
Hath now in pain resign’d his breath,
And met himself a dismal death!”

On this shot forth unnumber’d shoals,
From reedy haunts and rocky holes,
And tow’rds the lifeless body sped,
With intermingled joy and dread;
When the same Fish again began
Thus to harangue the finny clan—

“ The Gods undoubtedly design’d,
At the creation of mankind,
That other creatures should obey
Only their just—not *tyrant* sway.

“ But it was never their intent,
That man his subjects should *torment*.
And here, my brethren, you may see
A proof, as plain as proof can be,
That signal vengeance will o’ertake
Those who their righteous laws forsake.”—
He ceas’d—and when th’ applause subsided,
Back tow’rds his lurking-place he glided ;
But ere he reach’d it, on the way
A *tyrant pike* made him its prey !

ERIN TO A FAVOURITE ABSENTEE.



PRIDE of my heart, where art thou straying?

Too long hast thou forsaken *me*!

On *Seine*'s gay borders thou'rt delaying,

Bewitch'd by foreign *melody*.

Ungrateful! well thou know'st I love thee,

With all a mother's warmth of love;

And now if no entreaty move thee,

If thou undutiful shalt prove—

Altho' I never will disown thee,

Dear object of my former care!

If thou desert me, I can only

Regret that any foreign Fair

Should rob me of that fond affection,
That warm'd thy bosom once for me—
That, in cool moments of reflection,
I trust is cherish'd still by thee.

Ah! then abroad no longer pondering
On gaudy scenes and gilded charms,
Return! give o'er thy weary wandering—
Once more repose in ERIN's arms.

Let Memory's eye (for nought can warp her)
Present Avoca's friendly vale,
And Tara's hall, where erst the Harper
Recited oft his tuneful tale.

Oh! it is true—and Taste avows it—
The “Light of song” will soon expire
In our dull isle—unless, to rouse it,
Thou speedily bring back *thy* lyre.

DISTANCE.



WHILE sweets possess'd are often seen to cloy,
Privation gives a relish to enjoy.
Pursuit, some favourite object to acquire,
More pleasure yields than gratified desire.
Whate'er lies hid in darkness, or in doubt,
Excites an eager wish to find it out.
Thus **DISTANCE** oft, to youthful Fancy's gaze,
Scenes of ideal happiness displays ;
While those familiar, tangible, and nigh,
Fail to attract, or please her wandering eye.

What tempts the young Adventurer to roam ?
Some charm far distant from his native home ;

Some mist-born meteor, fugitive and bright ;
Some rainbow, raised to mock his dazzled sight—
As he pursues, the gay illusion flies,
And when he strains to grasp it, sinks and dies.
Then as the fairy prospect round him fades,
Dire Disappointment's pang his heart pervades :
He thinks on joys he spurn'd—his folly mourns—
And, goaded by repentance, back returns.

The flame of Love more ardent seems to grow,
Its shades between if envious Distance throw.
Remoteness from the object of desire,
Still adds fresh fuel to the kindled fire;
And heavily the wheels of life revolve,
Till Time the interposing spell dissolve.
If fickle Fortune adverse turn the tide,
And cross events bid cordial hearts divide ;
The separation always tends to bind
Affection's bond more firmly on the mind.

The bars of Distance, as they intervene,
Endear the memory of each social scene;
O'er pleasures past extend a pensive shade,
And consecrate the vows that Love or Friendship
made.

REMINISCENCE.

“Meminisse juvat.”

IN Memory's dim reflecting glass,
Where Youth's departed pleasures still,
Like glimmering phantoms, rise and pass,
The fading retrospect to fill,
The curious eye delights to gaze,
Though mournful musings oft intrude,
That throw a transitory haze
O'er pensive solitude.

The Parent, who with tender care
Our infancy watch'd daily o'er—
The Friend that used our joys to share,
Now bless our sight no more !

The scenes that smiled upon our birth,
Fast sink to dull decay,
And those we once loved best on earth,
Time's scythe hath swept away !

Such is the lot to man decreed,
In life's sublunar range ;
As years glide on with ceaseless speed,
They bring incessant change :
And 'tis true wisdom oft, to yield
When disappointments cross—
Contention in Misfortune's field,
But aggravates our loss.

Ali ! what avails th' Egyptian's art,
The lifeless form to save ?
Sculpture, nor painting, can impart
A respite from the grave !

The noblest master of the lyre,
Upon the list of Fame,
Could but by all his skill acquire—
A record of his name.

MUSIC AND BEAUTY.



WHEN Music and Beauty together conspire,
To ravish at once both the sight and the soul,
How hard 'tis to quell the strong rebel, Desire,
Tho' Reason exert all his sovereign controul !

Old Gravity lessons of prudence may teach,
And quote sage examples of cold self-denial—
But pray has the stoic, who deigns thus to preach,
Of the Syrens, so sweet, e'er encounter'd a trial ?

Had his heart e'er been smit by the shaft of a smile,
Or his senses entranced by the charm of a sound—
He'd lecture us then in a different style,
And frankly admit what he strove to confound.

EPITAPHS.



ON THE REV. JOHN BEATTY,
LATE VICAR OF GARVAGHY, NEAR DROMORE.

If unaffected piety and truth,
Cherish'd to latest age from earliest youth—
If warm benevolence for all mankind,
An honest heart, and independent mind—
If friendship, aiming at no selfish end,
To censure loth, but eager to commend—
If learning, from its classic fount derived,
And humour that the *eightieth* year survived—
If qualities like these can man endear,
His name shall be revered, whose dust lies here.

ON A TAILOR.

HERE rests a *Tailor*, who for business itch'd;
Who took *large measure*, *cabbaged*, *clipp'd* and
stitch'd;
Of learning's *shreds* possess'd ('tis said) a few,
Composed *charades* sometimes, and *riddles* too—
But ah! his trade is done—his muse is mute,
For Death has wrapp'd him in his last dark *suit*!

SKETCH OF A FINE DAY IN OCTOBER.



THE dun fog early fled from vale and hill—
The night-wind closed its wing—the woods were still—
Save when the sere leaf rustled from its spray,
Or Robin, mounting, tuned his morning lay.
The clear blue vault above, expanding wide,
Display'd the golden sun in orient pride.
The meads in green attire were dress'd anew,
And bright the lake and streamlet struck the view ;
Reflecting in their mirror objects near,
While soothing murmurs caught attention's ear.
Labour was busy on the russet plains,
Whose furrow'd bosom man's best wealth contains ;
Or treasuring in his barns the gather'd store,
His hopes accomplish'd, apprehensions o'er.

The calm air's temperature was soft and mild—
So pleasantly the placid landscape smiled,
That, to a mind not absolutely sober,
It seem'd as if young May had married old October.

EPIGRAM.



WHEN gloomy Sorrow throws her shade
Around the blasted seat of Mirth,
The magic flowers of Fancy fade,
And Hope itself seems sunk to earth.

What balm can cure the pang that rends
Forlorn Affection's wounded heart?
When Fate the dismal summons sends,
That bids a wife and husband part—

For ever part!—Yes, gentle Bard,
Though deep the grief—acute the pain,
To find a cure is not so hard—
Let the *Survivor wed again.*

TO THE ROSE.



O SWEETEST child of genial Spring,
Return!—the wintry storms are o'er;
And zephyr waits, with patient wing,
To waft around thy fragrant store.

And lo! the fond expectant bee
Resorts to every blooming plain,
And searches every shade for thee,
Longing to meet his ROSE again.

And hark! the minstrels of the grove
For thee exert their vocal powers—
Mirth, beauty, melody, and love,
Invite thee to their favourite bowers.

Then come!—thy blushing bud expand—
In all thy birth-day splendor dress'd,
Prepare to grace *Maria's* hand,
To bloom upon her gentle breast.

And when those fragrant petals fade,
As on that bosom they recline—
This moral lesson teach the maid—
Beauty's brief reign resembles thine.

MARCH.



WINTER's dull dominion's past,
February breathes his last.
Mounted on his breezy car,
Namesake of the god of war,
MARCH resumes his cheerful reign—
Agriculture plants the plain ;
Vegetation swells the bud ;
Music animates the wood ;
Mirth inspires the sylvan song,
Love unites the feather'd throng.
Bright beneath the genial beam,
Smiles the hill, the vale, the stream.
Light the fluey vapours fly
O'er the smiling azure sky.

Pleasure and her sprightly train,
On the laughing land and main,
Greet once more the gladden'd ear
With the tidings—Spring draws near.

TO APRIL.



SPRIGHTLY precursor of majestic May,
Queen of the lofty brow and laughing eye,
Welcome, thrice welcome to our plains once more,
With Pleasure in thy train.

Nature exults : the song from bower and lawn
Of countless choristers, in symphony
With hers that floats along th' ethereal vault,
Delights the listening ear.

Rejoicing earth renews her green attire,
And bursting from the bondage that restrained
Their vernal vigour, Flora's lovely race
Greet charm'd Attention's gaze.

The forest, long deserted, now begins
To lay aside its dull forbidding look ;
And as encircling germs its limbs invest,
 Fresh notice seems to court.

Ocean, though often vex'd by upstart blasts,
That rush, unwelcome, o'er his frowning face,
Assumes a milder mien, as if to woo
 Man to his bright domain.

Light, clear, and lively, beams the pebbled brook,
Whither the patient angler bends his way,
To entrap the finny tribe, that in their sport
 Oft fatally arrest the mimic lure.

Along the dark recesses of the vale,
Returning zephyrs waft the cuckoo's note,
That rousing Echo from her wintry trance,
 Receives a prompt reply.

The Muse, partaking in the general mirth
That all around prevails, grows merry too,
And from thy cup, fantastic APRIL, drinks
A cordial health to all her blithe compeers.

TO MAY.



AWAKE the lute, the fife, the flute,
The doric reed, the choral song—
Blithe nymphs and swains, to music's strains
Lead the fantastic dance along.

For lo ! to-day the blue-eyed MAY
Once more her grateful reign renewes ;
And love and mirth o'er smiling earth
Their blended influence wide diffuse.

The turtle cooes, the blackbird wooes
His dusky mate in grove and glen ;
The snipe aloft, with warblings soft,
Cheers his brown partner of the fen.

The crystal stream invites the beam
On its fond bosom to recline—
The beam descends, new lustre lends
The silver stream's meandering line.

The flow'ry race expand apace,
And hill and dale with beauty glow ;
The painted fly attracts the eye,
While soft the whispering breezes blow.

Now cull a wreath that balm shall breathe,
Fresh from the dewy lap of morn ;
Meet homage pay to lovely MAY,
And all her sylvan shrines adorn.

Awake the lute, the fife, the flute,
The doric reed, the choral song—
Blithe nymphs and swains, to pleasure's strains
Lead the fantastic dance along.

TO JUNE.



WHILE Summer weaves her flowery wreath,
While fragrant zephyrs sweetly breathe,
While beauty charms the ravish'd eyes
With fairest forms and richest dyes ;
The Muse attunes her rural lay
To the bright heir of blooming May.

O JUNE ! were mine the potent song,
That erst, Elysian bowers among,
Prevail'd o'er stubborn Fate's decree,
And set the Grecian lady free ;
I'd try to charm thy lofty ear,
Prolong thy empire o'er the year ;
Old Time, in silken slumbers bound,
Should cease to run his wonted round,

And wonder every nation fill,
To see the sun again stand still.

Where Scandinavia's mountains rise,
With snow-capp'd summits to the skies,
And Hecla, doom'd for many an age
The burning war with frost to wage ;
Soon as they feel thy influence warm,
Behold, the vegetable swarm,
Starting from their long polar trance,
With sudden shoot the stem advance,
Unfold the bud, the flower expand,
And deck once more the dreary land.

Such was thy influence, when the sage,
(The admiration of his age)
From Upsal's academic shade,
Through Lapland's lonely region stray'd,
Exploring arctic Nature's fields,
To cull whate'er her bounty yields ;

And when the toilsome task was o'er,
To classify the blooming store,
And form an useful work of art,
That much new knowledge did impart.

The Bard of Derwent likewise strung
His tuneful harp for thee, and sung,
In sweet and scientific strain,
The blooming tribes of Britain's plain.
Invention's bright, fantastic race
Th' Enthusiast's bold descriptions grace—
Sylphs, naiads, gnomes, in silent rings,
And nymphs of flame on viewless wings,
Around th' ingenions minstrel throng,
Listening enraptured to the song,
That Vegetation's mystic powers,
The Loves of Plants, and Joys of Flowers
Portrays—unfolding thus to light
Secrets before conceal'd from sight—

Secrets that must the Sceptic awe,
And from him this confession draw—
“ A Being infinite, supreme,
Alone could form the wondrous scheme ;
Still o'er its movements must preside—
Chance cannot such a system guide !”

AUGUST.



THE gooseberry's gone, but the cherry grows mellow;
The corn, lately green, now turns rapidly yellow.
The meadow its russet robe yields to the mower;
The toil of the reaper rejoices the sower.
The lammas-flood muddies the river and fountain;
The tube of the fowler resounds on the mountain.
The shrubs in the garden still bloom round each alley;
At eve the mist muffles the breast of the valley.
The sun his bright visits is daily curtailing;
Dun clouds o'er the landscape are frequently sailing.
Young Zephyr but seldom dull Flora caresses,
For wan is her cheek, and discolour'd her tresses.
Though Nature's spent energy now appears fainter,
Yet still she looks fair to the eye of the painter;
And though with regret he perceives her decaying,
The Poet still finds her new beauties displaying.

TO AUTUMN,

ON ITS DEPARTURE.



As when some pleasant entertaining friend,
Whose manners we admire, and worth esteem,
Prepares to leave us, and his journey bend
To distant regions, lighted by the beam
Of brighter suns and warmer skies than ours;
At his departure, how regret o'erpowers
The kindred breast, like a distressing dream,
That weighs the senses down in sleeping hours.

Thus, lovely AUTUMN, does the Poet feel,
When to his land thou bid'st a long farewell,
And wintry storms that make the forest reel,
Sing their loud dirge along the echoing dell;
While the day shortens, and the welkin lowers,
And Beauty's tears bedew the grave of her last
flowers.

TO OCTOBER.



HAIL, matchless painter of the sylvan scene,
 Whose palette, charged with every blended tint
 Of gay variety, rests on one arm,
 In easy attitude, while to and fro,
 A brush at random dipp'd, the other draws
 With shadowy softness o'er the silent wood,
 And gives each wondering tree its chequer'd hue.

Gradual and slow the gaudy change proceeds,
 If mildness still her atmospheric sway
 Maintain, and gentle zephyrs sport around.
 But should stern Winter bid some blustering gale
 Rush from the frowning North, on frosty wing,
 The surly messenger, with rude dispatch,

Snatches the brush from thy reluctant hand,
And blurs, and mars the beanteous work at once.

Of all the trees, the stately chestnut first,
The solemn sycamore, and portly lime,
Feel the fell influence of his ruffian haste,
And shed their blasted honours on the ground.
The slender willow next, and poplar tall,
Stript of their yellow locks, in sadness bend;
But still the monarch of the wood resists
The rude assailant of his vernal pride,
While the tenacious beech a copper shield
Expands, to guard her noble chieftain's head.
The drooping thorn, that late with mantle green
Welcom'd the shepherd to her noontide bower,
Now like some poor old meagre matron sits,
Shrivell'd, and dun, and dreary to behold,
Sighing to see her offspring left exposed
To fall the prey of every hungry bird,
That haunts unmusical her tangled boughs.

Fantastic month ! I love to follow thee,
And view thy various pranks on hill and dale.
Sometimes a fowler trim, with dog and gun,
The feather'd tribes confess thy fatal art,
That thins and makes " the scatter'd covey mourn."
Sometimes a hunter on thy mettled steed,
Snuffing the keen untainted breath of morn,
I see thee urge th' uncoupled pack along
The misty plain, and from her secret form
In furze or fern, dislodge the startled hare,
'Midst a loud pæan of pursuing tongues.
A farmer next, preceded by the plough,
I mark thee gathering from the furrowed field
The wholesome esculent, and in its place
Planting the future pledge of Plenty's reign.
And now a school boy, eagerly thou seek'st
The upland's breezy top, or open lawn,
To send aloft on the conducting line
Thy paper kite, with quaint device adorn'd,
That, soaring, emulates Lunardi's boast,

And raises rustic wonder. But, alas !
Such pleasing sights shall soon no more be seen :
For, lo ! thy sullen successor ev'n now
Prepares to spread his gloomy garniture
O'er shrinking Nature's face. Methinks I see
Already, on the dark horizon's verge,
His misty banner wave, while through the air
Portentous sounds announce his near approach.
OCTOBER, favourite of the Muse, farewell !

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.



HARK! the wind whistles loud—'tis the summons of
death

To the delicate orphans that Autumn has left:
See the frost-smitten leaves, how they strew every
path—

Each plant and each tree of its honours bereft.

The deep-drenching rain, and the harsh-sounding
flood—

The mist-mantled evening, and rime-spangled morn,
To the feeble descendants of flesh and of blood,
Alternate, announce the dread Season's return.

Now farewell awhile to the musical grove,
Where pleasure and innocence used to convene;
Farewell, ye fair arbours of friendship and love,
Simplicity's gambol—Mirth's dance on the green.

Since the rigours of Nature forbid us to roam,
Let Art the defect of amusement supply;
From abroad let us turn our attention to home,
And secure what the season thus seems to deny.

From the hearth now expel each sad emblem of Spring,
Whose beauty's departed, whose odours have fled;
Bring the splinter of wood—the live coal quickly
bring—
Let Vulcan, O Flora! now reign in thy stead.

Give Minerva, and Monus, and Bacchus, the meed,
That each has in reason a right to expect—
By turns let us frolick—by turns let us read—
Be jovial sometimes, and at others, reflect.

Thus Time shall glide on, without marking his moon,
Or counting the turns of his slow-running glass,
Till the thrush's blithe note, and the blackbird's soft
tune,
Announce the return of the green-mantled lass.

TO NOVEMBER.



PARENT of melancholy, murk, and mire,
Unwelcome visitant ! once more thou com'st
To guide the progress of the crippled year
Now creeping to its close. Yon livid cloud,
That, like a huge black pall upon the sky,
Ascending from the bleak Atlantic wave,
Veils half the frowning visage of the west;
Bearing thy blustering equipage of storm,
To banish mildness from our atmosphere,
Drive lingering beauty from our faded fields,
And sink in dumb despair our drooping groves.

A Goth thou art, whose barbarous taste contemns
Aught that gives pleasure to the painter's eye,

Or wakes to ecstasy the poet's lyre.
Whate'er is dark and dismal to behold—
Whate'er is harsh or horrible to hear—
The roar of torrents rushing down the rocks—
The rage of tempests turning up the main—
Deformity, confusion, havoc, death,
Seem only to excite thy moody mirth,
And give thy gloomy bosom savage joy.

The scourge of Commerce thou hast always been.
No pirate fell from Tunis or Algiers,
Infesting Tyrian Neptune's old domain
With bold impunity, is dreaded more
By hapless mariners. Thy flag is false,
And he that trusts it surely finds a foe.
Thy very smile is but a treacherous lure,
To draw th' incautious into peril's path,
Where neither skill nor courage oft avails
To rescue them from ruin. Even War himself,
Fierce and unapt to shrink from other foes,

Appall'd at thy approach, collects his spoils,
And from the tented plain retires with speed,
To seek for refuge in the well-fenced town.

Yet while thy wrath, NOVEMBER, thus abroad
Inflicts on Nature's tribes distress and dread,
Philosophy serenely sits at home,
Concentrating her powers—amid thy gloom,
Cheering with light the intellectual scene.
Science unfolds the beauties of her page
To youthful Study's captivated view,
Inspiring ardent thirst for knowledge still,
As howls the tempest o'er the chimney top,
And loud the hail-shower patters on the pane.
The social circle and the festive board
Flourish beneath thy inauspicious reign ;
And Hospitality renew's her rites,
As thou renew'st thy rigours.

SONNET

TO THE

LORD BISHOP OF DROMORE,

(THE LATE DR. PERCY)

*Presented as a New Year's Gift, on the 1st of
January, 1805.*



COULD wishes health, that heavenly boon, command,
Through lengthening years its blessing still extend,
How would the poet's heart with joy expand,
To see it crown his venerable friend !

Then as old seasons circled to their end,
And rolling Time brought round again the new,
PERCY, the prayer for thee should still ascend,
And many a happy year yet meet thy view.

For ah, thy virtues are possess'd by few—
Few exercise benevolence like thine :
No flattery this, but sterling merit's due—
A tribute wafted from Truth's hallowed shrine.
May the return of this auspicious day
Augment thy comforts, and thy cares allay !

TO MR. COLERIDGE,

ON READING HIS ELEGANT ODE, ENTITLED,
“FRANCE.”

THAT strain once more ! it had no dying fall :
Tremendous minstrelsy !—it shook my frame !
’Twas *Freedom* struck the shell in her high hall—
On wing of fire the sound electric came,
And pierced my inmost soul, and rous’d to flame
Her finest, purest, noblest feelings all.

That strain once more !—O may it rouse the world !—
Ah no ! great minstrel, cease !—the spell is broke—
Gallia for Liberty has bled in vain !
In vain from their red thrones her Tyrants hurled—

Behold, submissive to the slavish yoke,
Her victor neck she tamely bends again,
And now, *Helvetia*, (dire portent for thee !)
Views with malignant eye thy struggle to be *free*.

NOTE.—At the time this sonnet was written, the French were preparing to invade Switzerland.

TO SIR RICHARD MUSGRAVE,

WHEN ON A VISIT TO HIS FRIEND, BISHOP PERCY,
AT DROMORE HOUSE.



O MUSGRAVE! whether PERCY's favourite bowers,
(Th' historic Muse companion of thy way)
Or fair * Gell-Hall invite thy steps to stray
Down yonder shady vale, where Lagan pours
His tuneful stream; no image of dismay,
Or malice, o'er the smiling landscape lowers.
For here Reform'd Religion's holy ray
Hath gloomy Superstition's mist dispell'd;

* The residence of the late lamented Countess of CLANWILLIAM.

And Peace and Industry, in union sweet,
The gladden'd eye along the prospect greet ;
By her mild influence cherish'd and upheld,
How blest our isle, if that fell imp that stains
With crimes incessant her rich southern plains,
Were by the same celestial agent quell'd !

TO THE REV. DR. DRUMMOND,
ON READING HIS "GIANT'S CAUSEWAY."



THE awful forms, that erst old Antrini's shore
 Haunted, where yonder cliff's romantic rise,
 Spreading their column'd grandeur to the skies,
 While round their fretted feet the billows roar,
 The work of giant hands in days of yore,
 As northern legends say—to our charm'd eyes
 Their lofty lineaments once more display,
 In tuneful DRUMMOND's fascinating lay,
 And with a double prodigy surprise.
 Fancy beholds, as from yon airy hall
 His harp's sweet numbers glide along the wave,
 The noble offspring of renown'd *Fingal*,
 Delighted, listening in the "dark-brow'd" cave,
 Where he high converse held with the departed brave.

TO THE

MEMORY OF IZAAC WALTON.



FATHER of Anglers ! graceless were the Bard,
If thee, the patron of his favourite art,
He should forget—nor token of regard
For thy respected memory impart.—
How sweet, at rising morn, with thee to start,
Mid blooming Nature's varied walks and views,
Charming the eye, and gladdening the light heart,
Accompanied by the descriptive Muse,
So entertaining on the way ! A kind
And cordial friend thou wast, and ready still
To teach thy pupil, with unrivall'd skill,
To lure the finny race, in stream or pond ;
And to portray to his delighted mind,
The pleasures of that Art, of which thou wert so fond.

TO THE PRESS.



THOU greatest blessing, and thou greatest curse,
As Truth directs thee, or as Falsehood sways,
Thou public vehicle of blame and praise,
Pander of Vice, by turns, and Virtue's nurse ;
Oppression's tool, that shamefully betrays
The public interest, while the public purse
Supports thee, marking those degenerate days
When Nations grow corrupt : yet, Freedom's friend,
To deeds of noblest daring thou canst fire
The Patriot's bosom—bid the slave aspire
To rank with Freemen, and like them contend
For his just rights. Religion owns thy power,
But mourns when it's perverted to defend
Wild theories and creeds, the meteors of the hour.

ON

HEARING OF MISS O'NEILL'S

FIRST ENGAGEMENT AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.



NATURE had form'd the fair O'NEILL to please—

A voice of melody—a soul of feeling—

A mien combining dignity and ease—

True excellence with modesty concealing.

And now to thee, *Britannia*, we confide

The precious charge of this choice Irish flower :

With kindness cherish it, for 'twas our pride,

To watch it blooming in its native bower.

And soon, or much mistaken is the bard,
Will thy discerning sons its value see;
And own, that in the marks of her regard,
ERIN ne'er sent a sweeter gift to thee.

Though rich in native rarities before,
New lustre *this* will add to the unrivall'd store.

ON

SEEING A BEAUTIFUL PHENOMENON,

IN THE SHAPE OF A LUMINOUS ARCH,

*Which appeared in the Atmosphere, on the Evening of
the 11th of September, 1814.*

CELESTIAL wonder, lovely stranger, hail!

Whose form majestic on the brow of night,
Clothed in the angel garb of purest light,
Makes apprehensive Ignorance turn pale ;
Filling the superstitious with affright,
As if portentous of some dreadful tale
Yet unreveal'd in the decrees of Fate ;
But yielding a sublime and new delight
To the philosopher, who views, sedate,
Each noble object Nature's pencil draws

On the celestial or terrestrial sphere ;
And who, exploring, unperturb'd by fear,
The grand phenomenon's apparent cause,
Explains it through the means of scientific laws.

Note.—It was very amusing to hear the different opinions of the wondering groupes as they gazed at this sublime phenomenon. Some contended that it was a certain token of new wars; others, that it was a sure sign of the long continuance of peace.

ON THE

DEATH OF THREE FINE CHILDREN

IN THE HOOPING COUGH.



THREE filial flowers of promise rare
Adorn'd a fond parental stem,
While warm affection's constant care
Foster'd each little precious gem.

But ah ! an unrelenting storm
O'erspread the sky and swept the shade,
And seizing on each blooming form,
Soon low in dust its beauty laid !

Parental feeling mourn'd the blow,
Of all its cherish'd hopes bereft—
Time on his list of private woe
Hath few more piteous records left.

Yet consolation still to those
Who felt the painful stroke is given—
These flowers, secure from future woes,
Now bloom perennially in Heav'n.

TO MEMORY.

—

O MEMORY ! a current long account
Of various dealings I now hold with thee—
I like plain speech—and tell thee, the amount
Of sins and follies thou hast charged to me,
I'll not give credit for. Perhaps too free
I speak—but those who quaff *Castalia's* fount
Claim privileges, and take liberty
To question—nay, oppose thy high authority.
Prithee be just—give every one fair play :
What tho' some spots the poets scutcheon tarnish,
Yet many shining traits, his flatterers say,
He hath, that well a few defects might varnish.
But let censorious folk think what they may,
He scorns his fame, at truth's expense, to garnish.

TO MORNING.



WHEN genial Spring's new drapery decks the bush,
And her green banner waves on every tree;
Soon as the lark, the linnet, and the thrush,
Pour forth the mingled anthem, MORN, to thee;
While tinkling rills augment the symphony,
And zephyrs scatter odours from their wings,
From sleep's dull couch, to join the minstrelsy
Of Nature's choristers, the poet springs:
Then, as around thy rosy herald flings
Light's kindling blushes, night's dun shades retire,
The vales rejoice, and every woodland rings,
Responsive to th' enthusiastic lyre;
The mountain casts its misty crown away,
And all the dewy plains with rapture thee survey.

.TO EVENING.



O THERE are spells in thy soft whispers, **EVE** !
When all the din of busy day subsides,
That soothe the soul, and sweet impressions leave,
As lonely musing where some streamlet glides,
Or shady grove ascends, the Bard abides,
Watching, perhaps, the rising of the moon,
Or listening to the distant dash of tides,
Or neighbouring waterfall's unvaried tune.
The bower that **Meditation** sought at noon,
When **Phœbus** shed his fervid influence round,
And **Summer** finely, with her fragrant boon,
Bedeck'd the smiling surface of the ground,
Ne'er to the **Muse** afforded such delight,
As she enjoys in thine, mild harbinger of night.

TO SPAIN,

ON READING THE ACCOUNT OF SOME EVENTS IN
THAT UNFORTUNATE COUNTRY.

AND is that proud, unbending spirit dead,
That fired thy valiant sons in days of yore,
When nobly they expell'd the vanquish'd Moor?
By French seduction's treacherous influence led,
Has the weak conduct of a wavering Head
Unnerv'd thee, SPAIN? Is patriotism no more?
Has Independence left thy sordid shore,
And to *Columbia*'s distant regions fled?
Alas! degraded Land, thy glory's o'er—
Illustrious MINA's efforts all are vain!
The Necromancer's spell thy sinews binds—
Fell Superstition locks thee in her chain—
Freedom's fond hopes are scatter'd to the winds,
And bondage *is* thy lot—Dissention *was* thy bane!

TO A CHESTNUT,

PLANTED BY THE AUTHOR.



'Twas in my vernal years I planted thee,
 And many a season saw me with due care
 Attend thy progress, till at length a tree
 Thou didst become, and high thy branches rear.
 Though time steals on apace, still stout and young,
 Thou flourishest, and wide thy green arms spread,
 Like those of the famed Beech, in Virgil's song,
 That shelter'd shepherd *Tityrus'* tuneful head.
 But ah ! the Bard who now indites the lay,
 Expressive of his fond regard for thee,
 Hath reach'd the evening of life's fleeting day,
 And soon must leave behind his favourite Tree !
 Still may'st thou flourish beautiful and strong,
 And with thy shade protect the " Child of Song !"

THE STORM.



A TREACHEROUS smile illumed the brow of day—
Mild rose the morn, and soft was Zephyr's breath—
The calm sea slept—the wood was still as death.
Evening came on, not “ clad in mantle grey,”
But crimson, that effused a ruddy ray
Upon the misty mountain's towering crest:
Anon a breeze began the rustling heath
To brush, resounding o'er its rocky breast;
And soon, as if from some dark cave beneath
Let loose, the thundering STORM rush'd down the
dale.
Dense lowering clouds, ascending from the west,
Conceal'd the stars—the muffled moon look'd pale—
Night hid her face for fear—and madden'd ocean
Rous'd his terrific waves in dire commotion.

TO A FRIEND IN AFFLICITION.



MOMENTS there are, to pensive memory dear,
When solitary Sorrow seeks her bower,
To vent the secret sigh, and shed the tear,
For a lov'd partner, whom Fate's awful power
Hath summon'd to the tomb, ere youth's fair flower
Time's frosty breath had nipp'd and withered—
When fond Affection many a happy hour
Anticipated—now for ever fled !
When Hope itself, that flatter'd him before,
With all her faithless train, is vanished,
And Sympathy's kind aid avails no more !—
What balm can now the wounded heart restore ?
Earth yields it not—but still beyond the skies
A healing fount of consolation lies.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.



As when mild Spring calls forth the infant bud,
That, swelling gradually, bursts into bloom,
Diffusing all around a sweet perfume;
Whilst o'er the cheerful sky light vapours scud,
And sprightly symphonies, from grove and wood,
Banish the dull effects of Winter's gloom:
So *Education's* genial influence wakes
The germs of youthful thought. Beneath her rule,
The little group in yonder SUNDAY-SCHOOL,
No longer idly waste the precious hours
In immorality—the young mind takes
A virtuous bias, gaining still new powers,
As dawning knowledge gently o'er it breaks,
Producing, in due time, fair foliage, fruit, and
flowers.

TO AUTUMN.



INSPIRING Autumn ! thou return'st again,
 " Crown'd with the sickle and the yellow sheaf,"
 Herald of smiling Plenty's joyful reign,
 Wafting to Wealth fresh comforts—Want, relief.

O thou art bountiful, and beauteous too,
 Placed on thy throne of clouds, in princely style,
 Beneath a canopy of brightest blue,
 While heaven and earth hail thy benignant smile !

For thee fond Night lights all her golden lamps,
 Proud to befriend thee on thy prosperous way ;
 While balmy dews distil refreshing damps,
 To cool the fervour of departed day.
 Nature for thee her robe renews again,
 And vernal beauty follows in thy train.

TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.



WARRIOR! for thee I twine this little wreath —
An humble offering from a friendly muse;
Nor deem, my Countryman, the gift beneath
Thy notice, nor, offended, it refuse.

Tho' jealous Faction thy bright fame abuse,
And squinting Envy at thy merit sneer,
Candour and Truth despise their sordid views —
To every friend of Freedom thou art dear.

Then persevere in thy sublime career,
By Honour sanction'd, and by Wisdom led;

And teach the foes of Europe's peace to fear
 Britannia's bands—with Wellesley at their head :
While Nations rescued from Oppression's jaws,
 Proclaim their gratitude, and thy applause.

THE HOUR BEFORE THE BATTLE.



THE Muse on Fancy's eager pinion borne
 To yonder scene, adventurous, wings her way,
 Where, hark ! grim-visaged War's terrific horn
 Sounds the dire prelude to the desperate fray.

Nature, appall'd, beholds the dread display
 Of Havoc's enginery. Mute Order reigns,
 Patient but anxious, ere the dense array
 Burst like a whirlwind o'er the shrinking plains.

Valour his calm, majestic look retains
 While the fierce onset's signal he expects—
 Chill runs the blood in Pity's curdling veins
 As on the fatal issue she reflects.

The charge is sounded!—Fancy flies the scene,
 Where all thy furies, Carnage, now convene.

THE HOUR AFTER THE BATTLE.



THE Muse, on timorous wing, returns again
To view the scene that slaughter just has left;
Where Havoc yet, tho' silent, seems to reign,
And grim Despair still frowns, of life bereft.

The broken scimitar—the helmet cleft—
The shatter'd musket—and the splinter'd shell—
All that escaped the Victor's rage, or theft,
The conflict's dreadful consequences tell.

Peace to the spirits of the Brave who fell !
Their toil is ended, and their sufferings o'er—
But pangs of sorrow pity's bosom swell,
To see the wounded weltering in their gore!
O cruel war ! to punish nations meant,
Such are the pictures thy dread scenes present.

THE MOUNT OF DROMORE.

— “Parturient Montes.”



To loftier themes the song let others frame,
 For rude or cultivated charms renown'd—
 Hills, whence old Greece derives her classic name,
 Garnish'd with gods, with towers and temples
 crown'd;
 Adown whose sides, by shady woods embrown'd,
 Nymphs, Satyrs, Fauns, and Dryads whilom stray'd,
 Playing full many a droll, fantastic prank,
 Such as no sublunary man or maid
 Might now beseem, on any bosky bank,
 Albeit of watchful eye there neither were afraid.

Such subjects and such scenery, though they shine,
 Blazon'd by Fiction's fascinating art,

I deem unmeet to blend in verse of mine,
That aims but a faint outline to impart
Of a small eminence, or earthly wart,
Yclept a *Fort*, rais'd by the warlike Dane,
With no small labour, in the days of yore,
Hard by where Lagan leads his liquid train
To wash the miry feet of old *Dromore*,
And scour the rocky bed, that echoes to his roar.

What time the primrose, rous'd from winter's nap,
Erects her head beneath the budding thorn,
Peeping, like some fair damsel in her cap,
Out o'er th' unconscious bank her looks adorn ;
When rolling time brings round the welcome morn
Of *Easter's* festive tide, and Sol's bright beam,
Watch'd on that morn with superstitious care,
Is seen to dance on the reflecting stream ;
Hither the youthful multitude repair,
And as they climb the MOUNT, their shouts resound
in air.

Some to the top with straining steps ascend,
Frowning defiance at their peers below :
Some, cautious, round the spiral pathway wend
Jostling and gibing onward as they go ;
Striving at times each other down to throw,
And laughing at the hapless urchin's fall,
Who, rolling headlong to the nether moat,
Vents on the giggling victor words of gall,
And vows revenge—for lo ! his fine new coat
Is so defiled with dirt, at home he dreads to show 't.

Meanwhile the pairs, whom other aims engross,
Unlike what these competitors inspire,
Nor dreading risk of reputation's loss,
Into some less frequented walks retire,
(No mask on these occasions they require)
And tell their tales, and pledge their vows of love,
And haply fix the day, when Hymen's band
Shall all their fond anxieties remove,

And crown their wishes with the promised land,
At distance always bright—but bleak sometimes at
hand.

Thus glide the moments with wing'd speed away,
Till gentle evening, rising in the west,
Doffs gradually her robes of gold and grey,
And soon in shade envelopes earth's damp breast.
And now they part, with sighs of fond regret,
That such a pleasant day should end so soon ;
Oft casting wistful looks, when Sol has set,
On the dim east, to watch the tardy moon,
Whose friendly beams might still prolong the bliss-
ful boon.

N. B. It has long been the annual custom for the young folk around Dromore to assemble on Easter Monday, and amuse themselves in various ways, on this celebrated Mount, one of the completest specimens of the sort in the north of Ireland.

TO A WOODLARK,

ON HEARING IT SING IN OCTOBER.



REPEAT that note, thou charming bird !

Repeat that syren strain—

Still let those “ wood-notes wild” be heard

To cheer the drooping plain.

For fast fair Autumn’s days decline,

Stern Winter’s drawing near,

And soon that charming pipe of thine

No longer shall we hear.

While mild October yet its green

Permits the mead to wear,

And gentle gales, and skies serene,

Yet soothe the sinking year;

Still on the soft wing of the breeze
Let thy sweet music float,
While Robin strains, on neighbouring trees,
His emulative throat.

Thus when, at Charity's kind call,
Fair COOKE's * "Sweet Robin" thrills,
Her note the admiring audience all
With silent rapture fills.

* The celebrated singer.

THE CAT AND PIGEON-PIE.



MELPOMENE ! thy succour lend,
Whilst I attempt to sing
What dire disaster on a cat
A pigeon-pie did bring.

This cat was of the tabby breed,
Of seemly shape and size;
And never did a more expert
The midnight mouse surprise.

Her sides were sleek and soft as down,
For in the kitchen rear'd,
The purring pet of Mrs. Cook,
She sumptuously fared.

But favourites of all sorts, we find,
To mischief are most prone ;
And so with Tabby it turn'd out,
As shortly shall be shown.

It chanced, one day, some friendly folk
Invited were to dine—
Mark how unlucky incidents
For woful issues join !

The Cook, that morn, with special care,
A pigeon-pie had made,
Which, till each other dish was dress'd,
She in the larder laid.

Puss licked her lip, and whisk'd her tail,
And great her longing grew,
To taste the savoury dish, whose scent
She in the warm air drew.

With eager eye she sat and watch'd

The well-known larder door—

At length 'twas open'd—she slipp'd in,

And squatted on the floor.

The Cook came out, mistrustless still,

And thinking all secure—

Puss in a corner skulk'd behind—

Lock'd was again the door.

The door was lock'd—the prize in view—

And all so snug and still—

When out crept puss, and you may guess,

Forthwith regaled her fill.

And now the foodful hour drew nigh—

The festive board was spread;

And every dish, in order due,

Arranged from foot to head.

But here the sequel of my tale
(Most tragic to repeat!)
Comes on—the pigeon-pie remain'd
To fill its vacant seat.

The Cook, to fetch it, now with speed
Into the larder went—
But O what pen could paint the rage
That her vex'd bosom rent!

To see the precious dish, on which
Such pains she had bestowed—
To see it mangled thus!—her heart
With bitterness o'erflow'd.

She frown'd terrific—stamp'd and swore,
(As Cooks are apt to do)
That whoso did the foul misdeed
Should soon have cause to rue.

Tabby, who till that instant had
Remain'd by all unseen,
The keen-eyed kitchen-maid descried
Behind a large tureen.

“ Here, Mrs. Cook, 's the imp,” she cries,
“ That did the mischief do ! ”
Th' outrageous dame, to wreak her wrath,
Upon her favourite flew.

With iron ladle in her hand,
Of large and ponderous size,
She struck the culprit on the back,
Who flounders—screams—and dies.

Ye cats, be warn'd by Tabby's fate—
Your appetites restrain ;
Nor risk the wrath of hasty cooks
At dinner-time again.

NOTE.—The occurrence alluded to in the foregoing lines actually happened when the author was in his apprenticeship.

FLATTERY.

“ Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris Hirudo.”



OF all that tickle when they touch,
 Running in rags—or robed in ermine—
 Perch'd in a coach—propp'd on a crutch—
Flatterers are the most teasing vermin.

If clouds obscure the frowning sky,
 They tell you 'tis a sign of brightness—
 With them wet weather's fair and dry—
 Warm, whilst snow wraps the world in whiteness.

Obsequiousness their spaniel art,
 At truth's expense they strive to please you—
 Fair visaged—but unsound at heart,
 With falsehood's hand, like friends, they squeeze you.

Your very vices they extol—
Prescribe a cure for all your ailings—
Humour your prejudices all—
And find excuses for your failings.

Intent some secret end to gain,
Still in your praise they tune their speeches ;
Nor, till their object they attain,
Can you shake off the sordid leeches.

O bear me to some peaceful shade,
By parasites yet uninfested,
Sincerity ! celestial maid,
To pass life's evening unmolested !

THE RETICULE.

How times are changed!—in days of yore,
Good wives and daughters *pockets* wore:
They thought them useful—found them warm,
Slung at each side, beneath each arm—
That custom now has got the cool,
Supplanted by the—*Reticule*.

In summer's heat and winter's snow,
Lightness in dress is “all the go”—
“Lard, what a sight for lads to mock at,
Would be a lady with—a pocket!”
Flavia, just from the boarding-school,
Exclaims, and sports her *Reticule*.

Philosophy may poze her brain
Effects and causes to explain;
But gravity has lost, in fact,
Its boasted influence to attract;
And Nature's—Newton's sober rule,
Yields to wild Fashion's—*Reticule*.

The rose from Beauty's cheek is fled—
The nuded arm turn'd rough and red;
While, shivering in the frosty breeze,
His pale Mamma sad Cupid sees,
“ Dear Mother, cease to play the fool !”
He cries—She shakes her *Reticule*.

But modern *Eves* essay in vain
To brave stern Winter's stormy reign :
Fell rheumatism—consumption—cough,
Will seize them—and take many off !
Nor Physic's skill, nor Bath, nor Streule,
Can save the dupes of—*Reticule*.

TO IGNORANCE.



WHO art thou, with peevish strain,
Near that ruin'd Abbey harping?
Cease thy murmuring, saucy swain!
Nor at IGNORANCE be carping.

IGNORANCE, to Erin dear,
Still her genuine sons shall nourish—
Spite of thee, proud Sonneteer!
Still amongst us shall she flourish.

Who would pass his youth in toil,
Poring over books of knowledge—
Who his puzzled brain would broil,
Solving problems in a college?

IGNORANCE, thou friend of ease—

Idol of the jolly rabble—

Never shalt thou cease to please,

Tho' against thee wisdom gabble !

Thou shalt Order's frown defy,

Always frolicsome and frisky :

Whilst dull Learning's dupes are dry,

Thou art full of fun and—whiskey.

Ulster's moral Bards may rail,

But through life I'll sing thy praises ;

Careless who shall bite his nail—

Careless whose proud spleen it raises.

Should the merchants of *Belfast*

Build a college, in their fury ;

Should the *mania* too, at last,

Seize the sober sons of *Newry* ;

IGNORANCE, I'll stick to thee;
And if thou—(depend upon it)
Should'st from Ulster banish'd be—
Why—I'll follow thee to *Connaught*.

And if Connaught shut thee out,
Scared by some poetic punster,
My attachment still ne'er doubt—
I will follow thee to *Munster*.

Caravat and *Shanavest*,
Thresher stout, and sturdy *Whiteboy*,
These shall guard their welcome guest,
Favourite of each gallant *Nightboy*.

CHALK FARM.



IN Lun'on town, an' a' aroun'
 That nibourhood, they say,
 Auld Clootie sets his traps an' nels,
 An' catches rowth of prey.

There he contrives to shorten lives,
 By methods maist uncivil—
 Threaps, toolies, lies, an' snash replies,
 Sen' thousan's to the devil.

A foolish huff, a pert rebuff,
 A jest that meant nae harm,
 Aft gie sic skaith, that woun's or death
 Maun follow at CHALK FARM.

Bright wit itsel sen's some to h—ll,
Fause Honour's law's sae cruel ;
An' criticism may mak sic a schism,
That it provokes—a *duel!*

Ye sons o' Laer, beware, beware
Of meddlin' wi' dull lead—
A pistol-ba', tho' it be sma',
Can snap the vital thread.

But gin yese fight as weel as write,
Whan ye're got in a scrape
Tak your discharge frae shot that's large—
Anacreon died by—grape.

GRAVITY.



SIR ISAAC, that surprising man,
Toil'd long, with fruitless drudgery,
The universal cause to scan,
Ere he discover'd—*Gravity*.

At last he luckily espied
An apple falling from a tree—
“ This ends my doubts”—elate, he cried,
“ The world exists by—**Gravity!**”

That all things to their centre tend,
Since Newton's days the learn'd agree;
King—statesman—warrior—scholar—friend—
Has each his point of—*Gravity!*

Self-interest, Ambition, Love,
Compose the mighty centres three,
To which all else attracted, move,
With different pow'rs of—*Gravity!*

The patriot, while he puffs and blows,
And bawls so loud for Liberty,
Seeks—thinking none his object knows—
Some private aim of—*Gravity.*

The solemn Priest, our ghostly guide,
From sinful paths to keep us free,
Still his own failings strives to hide
Beneath a cloak of—*Gravity.*

The Judge, who looks so strictly just,
So void of partiality,
Like other fabrics of frail dust,
Is biass'd off by—*Gravity.*

The Lawyer, who turns white to black,
And *vice versa*—for a fee,
Must own that he the magic knack
Derives from golden—*Gravity*.

The sage Physician, to whose skill
We trust our lives, if sick we be,
Let the prescription cure, or kill,
Owes half his fame to—*Gravity*.

The Critic, in his dark retreat,
Indulging with security
His spleen, poor Authors' hopes to cheat,
Damns, with malignant—*Gravity*.

The crafty Son of Merchandise,
Who bustles busy as a bee,
Both when he sells, and when he buys,
Puts on a mask of—*Gravity*.

And as for Labour's humble race,
It needs no great sagacity
Their plain propensities to trace,
Without the aid of—*Gravity.*

But now I find the theme I sing
Begin to operate on me—
So, Muse, compose thy flagging wing,
And sink in silent—*Gravity.*

GAS-LIGHT.



A COUNTRYMAN one day went down
To sell his pig in yonder town :
'Twas somewhat late ere he got in,
Just as the *Gas-lights* did begin
To show their splendor—" Heigh," quoth he,
" Is this for some new victory ?
Or has some chiel, of muckle note,
Come owre this morn in the steam-boat ?
Fegs ! he's nae sheepshank in his station,
Folks greet wi' *this Illumination* !
I'm travellin' years aboon a score,
Betwixt Belfast an' auld Dromore ;
Sometimes in weather raw enough
An' whiles in eerie nights an' rough ;

But sic a *shine*, in dark or damp,
Ne'er saw these eyne frae globe or lamp !
I thought, as I drew near the town,
The very stars were shootin' down ;
Or that some chiels awheen o' rockets
Were then dischargin' frae their sockets :
An' still I stapt, an' gazed, an' gazed,
At the strange unco sight amazed !
It seem'd to reach the clouds aboon,
An' mock the brightness o' the moon.
Just then a townsman chaunc'd to pass—
I speer't the cause—“ Ye silly ass !
The light you see proceeds from—*Gas*.
“ Bless me !” quoth I, “ whare lives that chiel ?
Some unco conjuror, atweel !
Maybe has dealin's wi' the Deil !”
“ You're right, my friend—where yonder spire
Vomits such smoke, he lives in *fire*.
About him, if ye'd further speer,
Step over—and you'll find him there—

To all that visit him he's civil,
Though corresponding with the Devil.'
" I'se dance," quoth I, " to nae sic jig,
But e'en push on, an' sell my pig:
For tho' I like to see his light,
I wadna thole the *Gas-man's* sight."

THE BLUE SURTOUT;
OR, A PRIEST MISTAKEN FOR AN EXCISEMAN!



A CURIOUS incident of late
(What various ways misfortune tries man!)
Occurr'd, which I shall briefly state,
Between a *Priest* and an *Exciseman*.

The strange mistake, as rustics tell,
Took place not in a low, but high land
For the scene lies, so it befel,
Betwixt *Dromara* and *Rathfryland*.

A watchful hawk of the Excise
Had sallied early forth one morning,
To make some smuggled gear his prize,
By duty prompted—danger scorning.

The prize secured, back he return'd
Safely to his own habitation ;
And on the way still danger spurn'd,
Nor met he any molestation.

But ah, how odd events turn out !
On the same road a Priest was riding,
Like him, clothed in a *blue Surtout*,
Reckless of any ill betiding.

The Smugglers now a plan had laid,
To wreak their vengeance on the seizer ;
And near the road, in ambuscade,
They watch'd for his return, at leisure.

The Priest approach'd upon his barb—
The Smugglers with reproaches hail'd him ;
And judging, from his outside garb,
It was their foe—with clubs assail'd him.

The injured man roar'd out amain—
Ask'd for what cause they thus abused him—
When one the reason did explain,
And with the Exciseman's act accused him.

“ I'm no Exciseman! I'm a Priest!
You're all egregiously mistaken—
He rode a much more flippant beast,
And haply thereby saved *his bacon.*”

“ A Priest! a Priest!” th' assailants shout—
“ We crave your Reverence's pardon—
We were misled by your *surtout*,
Else you we had not laid so hard on.”

Henceforth let every Priest beware,
Who wishes to be deem'd a wise man,
Nor, when he rides on horseback, wear
A coat like that of—an Exciseman.

NOTE.—The foregoing Narrative is founded on fact.

THE BROWN LINEN-BUYERS.

To the markets and fairs still we merrily ride,
In sunshine, through hail, rain and snow ;
And we buy up the Linens as fast as untied,
And the sellers their webs to us show.

No credit we ask, but the *rhino* down lay
For each piece, when to pay we begin ;
And we chat, and we joke, with the weavers so gay,
In our snug little room at the Inn.

Then soon as the bustle of business is by,
And the throng, now dispersing, grows thinner,
We call for a glass of BOYD's ale—if we're dry—
Or partake of a plain hearty dinner.

The nags in the stable are never forgot,
That brought us to the market at morn :
To induce them to carry us back, at full trot,
We give each a good *bonus* of corn.

“ To the road—to the road !” is the watchword again,
And merrily home we return :
Well lined with a beef-steak and *Irish Champaigne*,
The wrath of cold Winter we spurn.

Thus healthy and hardy, our lives glide away,
For exercise still is Health’s friend;
And few are the fees to the Doctor they pay,
Who the brown Linen Markets attend.

THE

HUMBLE PETITION OF DROMORE PIGS.



WE, the Swine of DROMORE, at a numerous meeting,
To all lovers of *pork* this petition send greeting—
To both Houses of Parliament—nay, to the Throne—
Privy Council, and Courts, their hard case to make
known.

Whereas we of late, by some cruel decree,
Have been rudely deprived of that dear liberty
Which our bold predecessors enjoy'd in times past,
And which we, their successors, hoped always would
last.

For confined to a sty, like seized cows in a pound,
Where oft we can scarcely find room to turn round;

Half-fed and half-litter'd, we grunt on through life—
Even counting the Butcher—a friend with his knife !
For imprisonment, all must confess who draw breath,
Is worse to endure than the sentence of death.
In vain to our owners we squeak and repine,
They dare not release us for fear of—a *fine*—
And this very Meeting, convened now by stealth,
If known, they declare, must diminish their wealth;
And perhaps upon us other hardships impose,
Such as yokes round our necks, and a ring in each nose.

Then pity our case, O ye Rulers in Chief!
And grant us, by some new enactment, relief :
For who better titles to *Freedom* can plead,
In peace or in war, than the *sow's* useful breed?
Your armies, your navies, that such wonders work,
Show what men can do, who are fed upon—*pork*.
Dear Liberty then to us Captives restore,
And our thanks shall resound through the streets of

DROMORE.

JOHN M'CRICKET.



As yonder cottage on the hill
You enter by a wicket,
Close by the fire, in evening's chill,
You'll find old JOHN M'CRICKET.

His countenance still looks severe,
His mind seems always muddy,
As if oppress'd with too much care,
Or moil'd with too much study.

In speech he's wondrous sharp and short,
Yet pithy and sententious :
He hates the jester's gibe and sport,
With every thing licentious.

Dearly he loves a drop of dram,
Bought at another's cost ;
But looks as sulky as a ram,
If scolded, bilk'd, or cross'd.

To wastefulness he ne'er inclined,
Like many a senseless ninny ;
'Tis long since he began to find
The value of—a guinea.

Yet if the voice of Fame speak truth,
There was a day when JOHN
Could play some pranks, like other youth—
But that day's past and gone.

He's now as sober as a judge
That sits upon the bench ;
No wag can say—“ I saw him trudge
With idle rake or wench.”

Let meal be cheap, or meal be dear,
Want never caught him napping;
He keeps his bag stock'd all the year,
Whatever change may happen.

One cat is all his living stock,
Except an aged wife—
His furniture—one can—one crock—
One bed—one pot—one knife:

Two stools—two trenchers and a bowl—
A shovel—and a spade—
The useful tools wherewith, poor soul !
He carries on his trade.

At morn he rises with the lark,
Nay, frequently before him—
He goes to rest when it grows dark,
Sound sleep soon hovers o'er him.

Hence health, the friend of early hours,
His constitution strengthens ;
For labour he acquires fresh powers,
Old age itself he lengthens.

And sure his neighbours now may say,
Since he has pass'd death's wicket,
They never knew one, in his day,
Made ends meet like M'CRICKET.

FIVE-AND-FORTY WIDOWS.



FIVE-AND-FORTY widows were sipping sweet Spa-
water

At ——— oh! alackaday!

Death among mankind makes terrible slaughter,

Well these unfortunate ladies may say!

Five-and-forty widows, all at their leisure,
Viewing Nature's charms on a fine summer day,
Arrived at a gate where a Squire's grounds of pleasure,
Verdant lawns, winding walks, and shady bowers lay.

But closed was that gate, and a lock on the centre—

The widows beheld the rude bar with dismay—

“ No water-drinking ladies on these grounds must
enter,”

A sour-visaged Janitor was heard then to say,

O stern was the heart that could issue such an order!
'Twas like January scowling at beautiful May;
And reluctance e'en rose in the breast of the warden,
To turn five-and-forty fair widows away.

But fret not, fair dames, thus morosely excluded
From haunts where the Fairies and Fauns love to
stray;
Eve's lamp along paths, though of verdure denuded,
Shall still cheer your steps in the cool of the day.

While he who commanded his porter to bar gate,
Sequester'd may mope till his tresses turn grey,
You blithe as the blithest at Buxton or Margate,
Shall ramble and gambol along the highway.

A TRIFLING SONG,

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.



My pretty little Muse,
Put on your cloak and bonnet,
If you to ramble choose
Along with Mister Sonnet.

And if you like his plan,
Provide a pair of rifles,
A *reticule*, and *fan*—
Then fire away at—*trifles*!

Your *reticule*'s a lure
To gather game about it;
Take but cool aim and sure—
You'll hit them—never doubt it.

Your fan's a flaming dart,
That death around shall scatter;
And many a wounded heart
Will wonder what 's the matter.

The Cockney, thus equipt,
With pistol, bow and arrow,
From the shop-counter slipt,
Makes war on lark and sparrow.

A GROCER'S LIST OF GOODS,

FOR SALE IN A COUNTRY TOWN.



YE sons of *prompt payment*, I pray you attend,
Whilst I humbly solicit your aid—
For 'tis you a Beginner can truly befriend,
And promote his advancement in trade.

But you, who on *credit* delight still to deal,
Who with tardy reluctance still pay,
A vast obligation to you I shall feel—
From my shop if ye still keep away.

Having so much premised, I proceed now to tell
The goods I've laid in, at low prices, to sell:

viz.

Scale sugar, lump, first, second brown,

None better at the price in town.

A neat assortment of choice tea—

Congo, souchong, green, and bohea.

Pitch, rosin, starch, soap, salt, stone-blue,

With indigo of deeper hue.

Logwood, annetto, shumach, fustic,

To dye the raiment of the rustic.

Candles I keep that burn so bright,

You'd think the sun had risen at night.

Best blister'd steel, when wanted, German—

Horn combs for weavers and for—vermin.

Frying pans, shovels, pots and griddles,

Tobacco, pipes, and strings for fiddles.

Snuff, figs, and almonds, prunes and raisins,

With scythes and sickles, in their seasons.

Sulphur and brimstone, that will ease
The keenest itch—and kill the fleas;
With cream of tartar, Glauber's salts,
That move whate'er in stomachs halts,
And quickly cure, beyond all question,
The painful qualms of indigestion:
Tape, needles, thread, chalk, alum, whiting,
With laces, lasses' stays to tighten.
Inkpowder, pencils, quills and papers,
For scholars, clerks, and linen-drapers.
Bibles and psalters bound in calf,
And story-books to make you laugh.
Cards, to amuse the rural gambler,
Light lanterns for the nightly rambler;
With sundry other things, to mention
Which, would exceed my list's intention;
And haply, even if I told them,
The reader's memory would not hold them.
Besides his patience might grow weary,
When I would wish to keep it cheary.

THE STRATAGEM.



YOUNG Love from his lattice look'd out,
As haughtily Beauty pass'd by him ;
And, though she perceiv'd him no doubt,
Resolv'd a fond glance to deny him.

Thinks he, I'll soon match you for this,
And, though his soft heart did adore her,
When back tripp'd again saucy Miss,
He closed up the easement before her.

The damsel, no doubt, vex'd at heart,
To see this strong symptom of scorning,
Changed quickly her amorous art—
She *smiled*, as she pass'd him next morning.

ON THE DEATH OF A LAND-SURVEYOR.



POOR HAL is gone Death's region to *survey*,
Who measured life by Folly's random *chain*!
Thus many an error did his *map* display,
For pleasure was his object more than gain.

Bacchus, among the gods, was his delight,
And large libations oft to him he pour'd.
With *Momus*, too, he spent the merry night—
But *Venus*, to idolatry, adored.

In vain *Minerva* sought by mild reproof,
Or stern rebuke, the giddy wight to win—
From Reason's sober path he kept aloof,
And laugh'd at those who talk'd to him of sin.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.



BANISH'D from earth those fiends should be,
Their foul deeds ne'er forgiven,
Who aim, with treacherous enmity,
To hurt—the Land they live in.

A parricide is deem'd the worst
Of culprits under Heaven ;
And they are equally accurst,
That wound—the Land they live in.

No favour ev'n a foreign foe,
When from their country driven,
Should ever to the miscreants show,
That hate—the Land they live in.

Against oppression all should strive,
(As patriots oft have striven),
But none at wicked schemes counive,
To blast—the Land they live in.

True loyalty, like yonder oak,
By lightning scathed and riven,
Still sends new suckers from the stroke,
To guard—the Land we live in.

But black dishonour shall attend
Their name, whose plans contriven
To answer some base sordid end,
Would crush—the Land we live in.

Our GRATTAN late—our CANNING now,
Have bright examples given
Of patriotism, truth must avow,
To help—the Land we live in.

Then let all loyal subjects sing,
From *Dingle* to *Dungiven*—
Success attend our noble KING,
And bless—the Land we live in.

THE END.

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